

SMASH

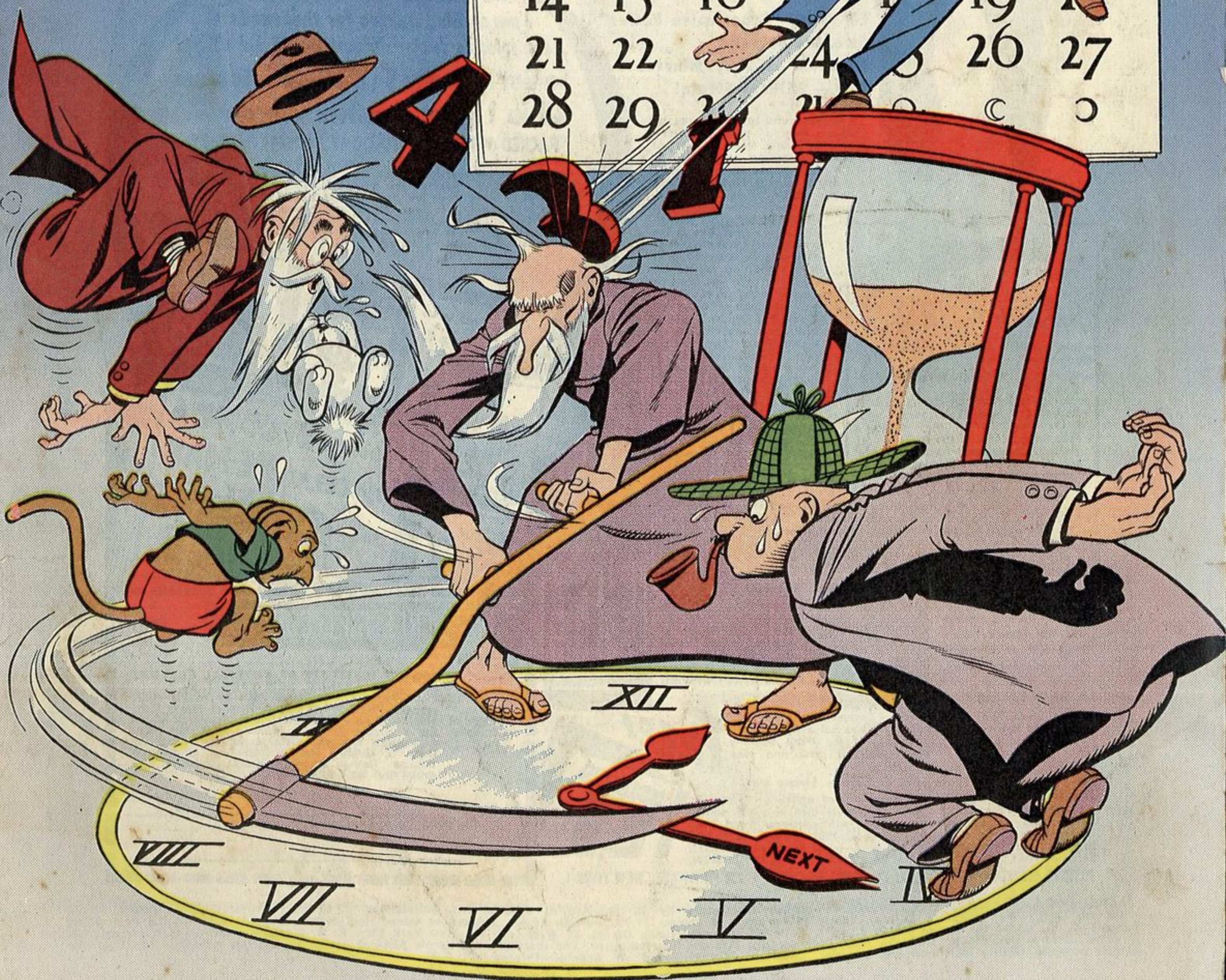
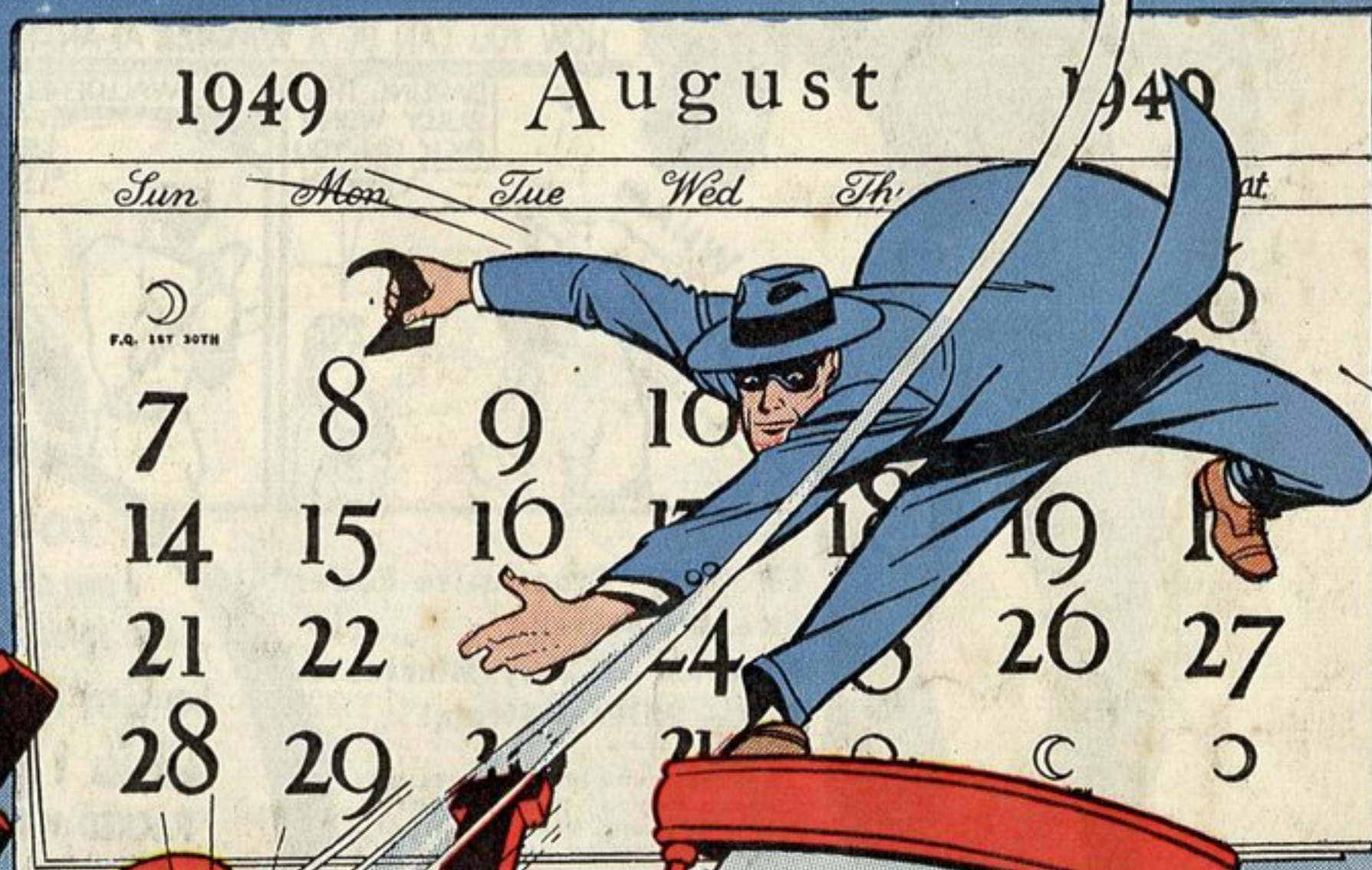
10¢



AUGUST
No.84

COMICS

Midnight
has a date with
**FATHER
TIME!**



-JACK COLE-



WEB COMIC
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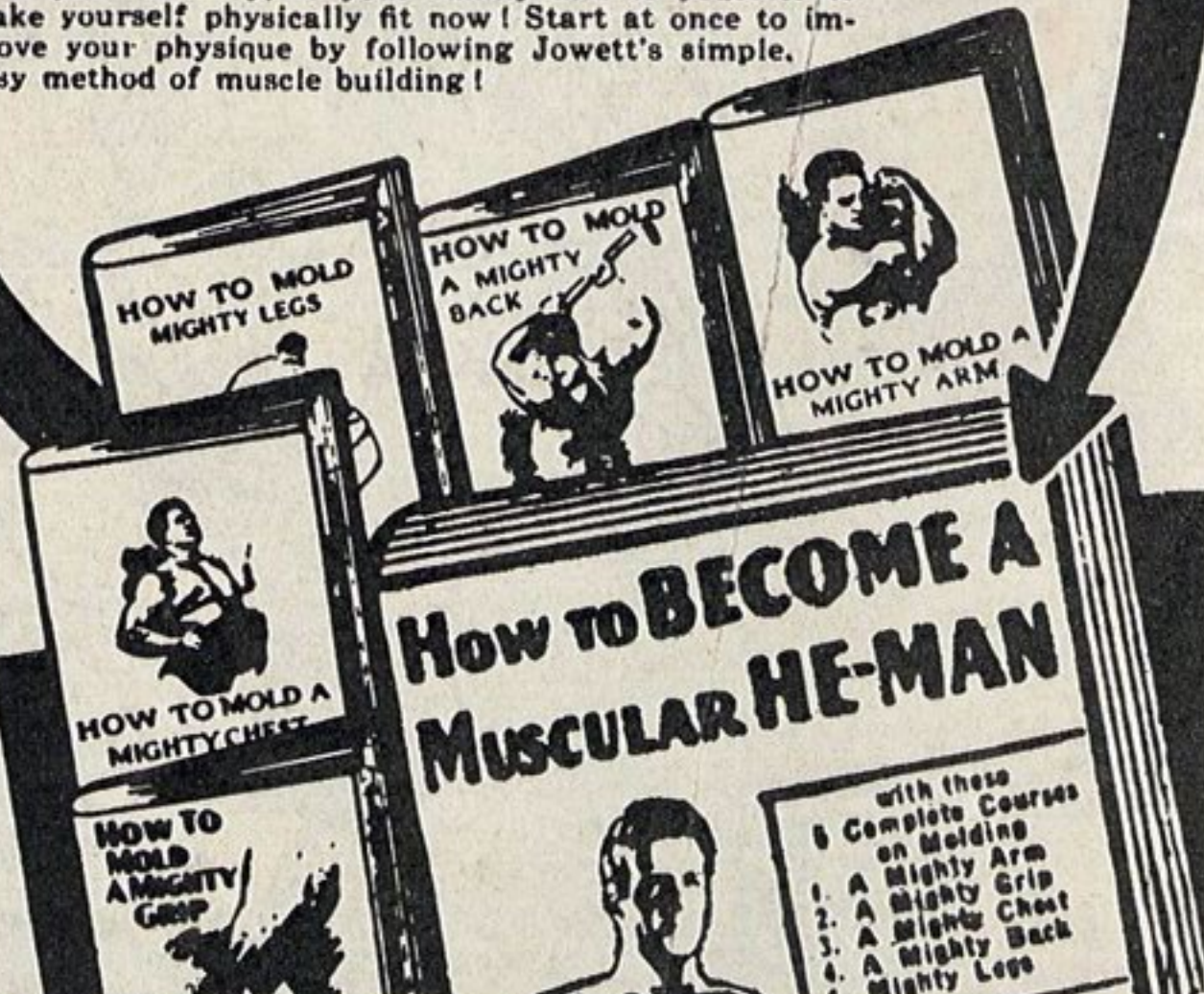


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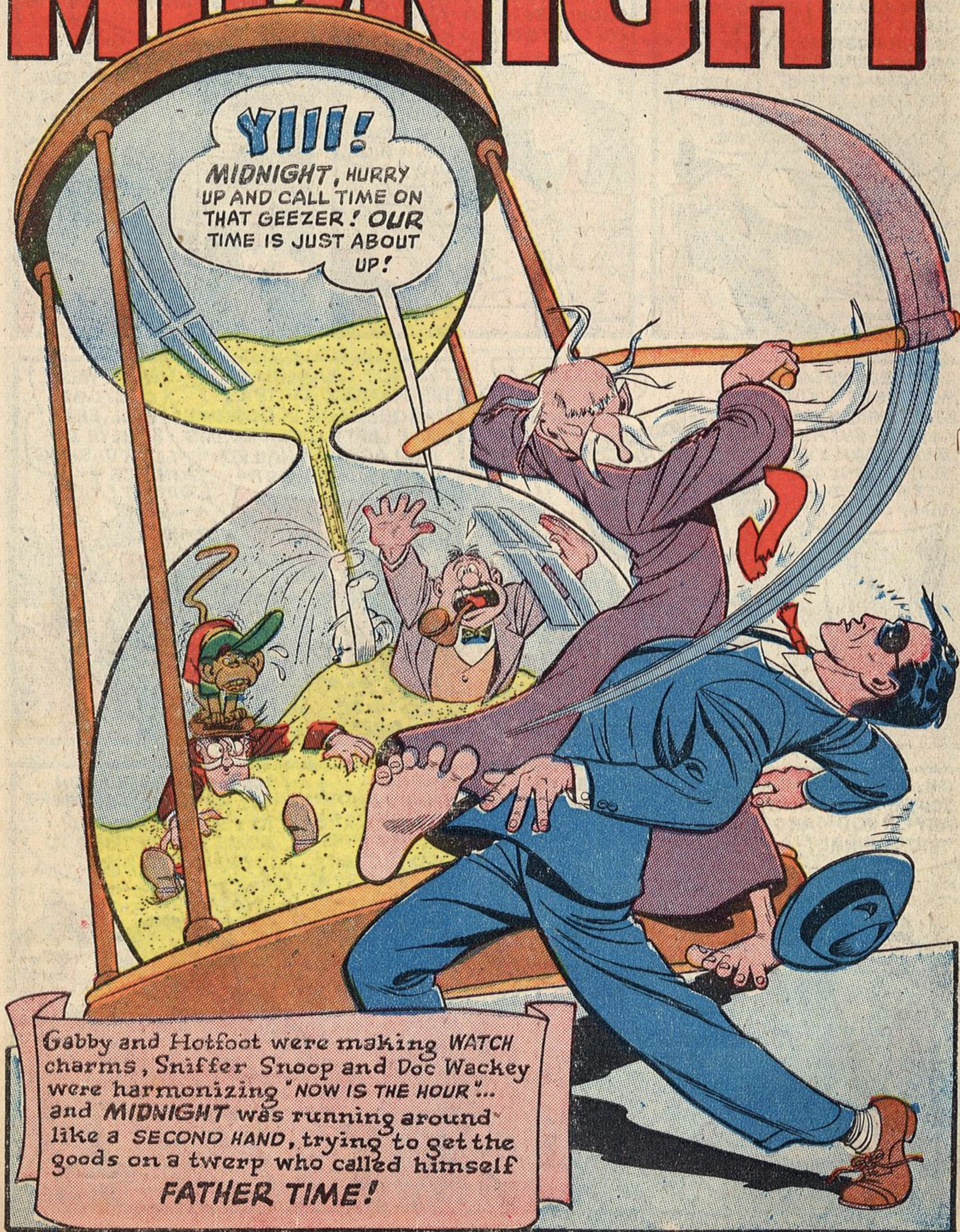
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MIDNIGHT



Gabby and Hotfoot were making WATCH charms, Sniffer Snoop and Doc Wackey were harmonizing "NOW IS THE HOUR"... and **MIDNIGHT** was running around like a **SECOND HAND**, trying to get the goods on a twerp who called himself **FATHER TIME!**

Sometimes MIDNIGHT'S crime-busting has to play second fiddle to Dave Clark's job as radio announcer...

YOU HEARD ME, BUT BOSS! WE CLARK! YOU'LL RENT A COSTUME AND ANNOUNCE THE DIAMOND-CUTTERS' MASQUERADE BALL TONIGHT! I PROMISED THEM!

BUT BOSS! WE JUST GOT A FLASH! LEFTY LUGER BROKE JAIL THIS MORNING!



HE WAS OUT WITH A CREW OF CONS CUTTING WEEDS ON THE HIGHWAY! HE KILLED A GUARD AND ESCAPED! WE SHOULD BE IN ON HIS CAPTURE!



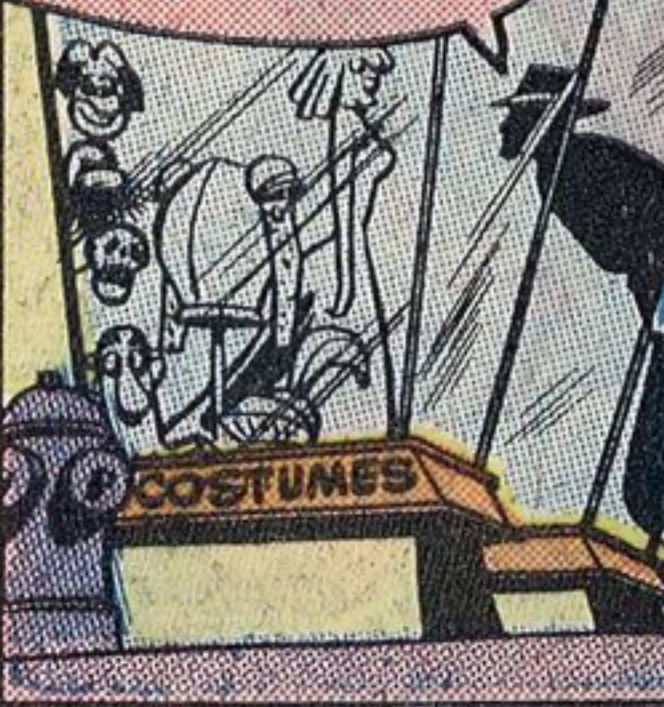
YOU'LL BE IN ON THE LATEST UNEMPLOYMENT STATISTICS IF YOU DON'T LEARN TO TAKE ORDERS! OUR RADIO LISTENERS WILL GO FOR THE BROADCAST IN A BIG WAY!

TAKE THIS INVITATION AND GET GOING! I'LL ASK THE POLICE NOT TO NAB LEFTY UNTIL YOU'RE FREE...IF YOU'RE STILL WORKING FOR ME BY THEN!



OKAY! OKAY! AT LEAST I CAN PICK MY OWN COSTUME FOR THE BALL!

A FINE BUSINESS! AS MIDNIGHT I SHOULD BE HUNTING THAT KILLER...BUT AS DAVE CLARK I'VE GOT TO DESCRIBE DIZZY DOPES IN DAFFY OUTFITS!



HEY, DAVE! WHAT'S COOKING?

I'VE GOT TO ANNOUNCE THE DIAMOND-CUTTERS' MASQUERADE, IN COSTUME! WHILE LEFTY LUGER ROOMS AT LARGE! I NAILED HIM ONCE, BUT...



WELL! WELL! COSTUME BALL, EH? I BELIEVE I'D LOOK DASHING IN THIS OUTFIT!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE NOT GOING, ANY OF YOU...AND THAT'S FINAL!



NOW, SEE HERE, DAVE CLARK! I REALIZE SHEER JEALOUSY MOTIVATES YOUR ACTION, BUT...

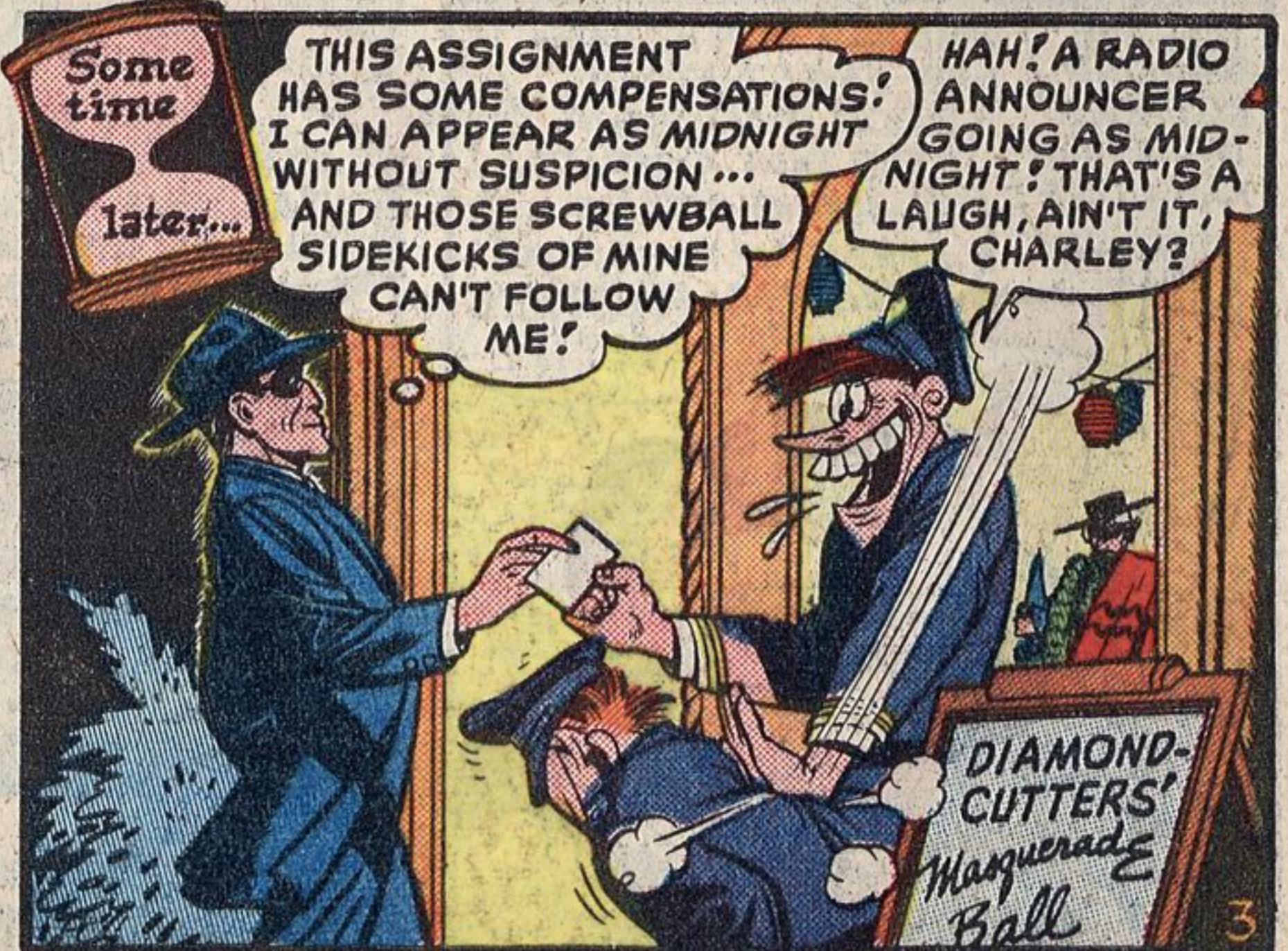
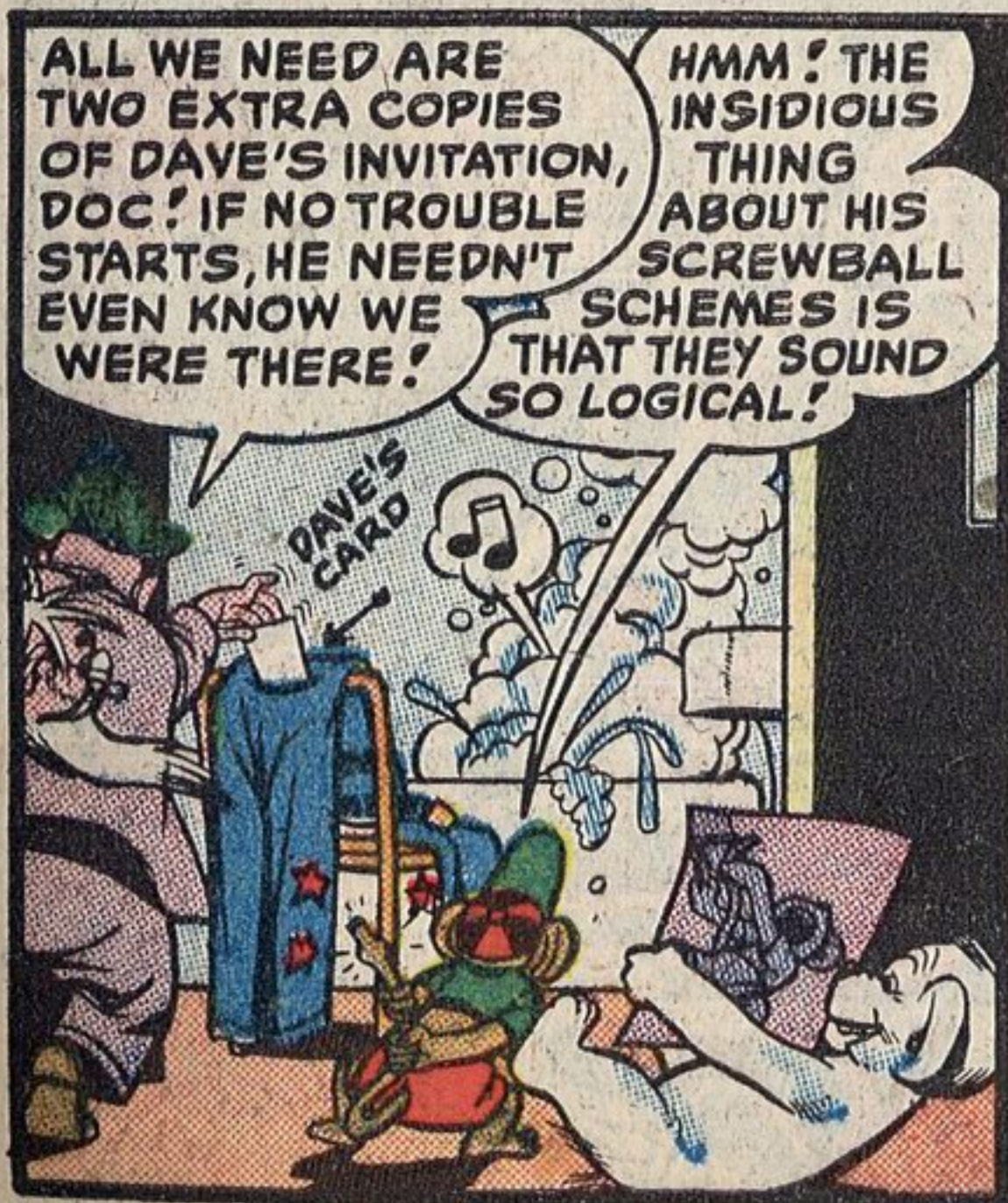
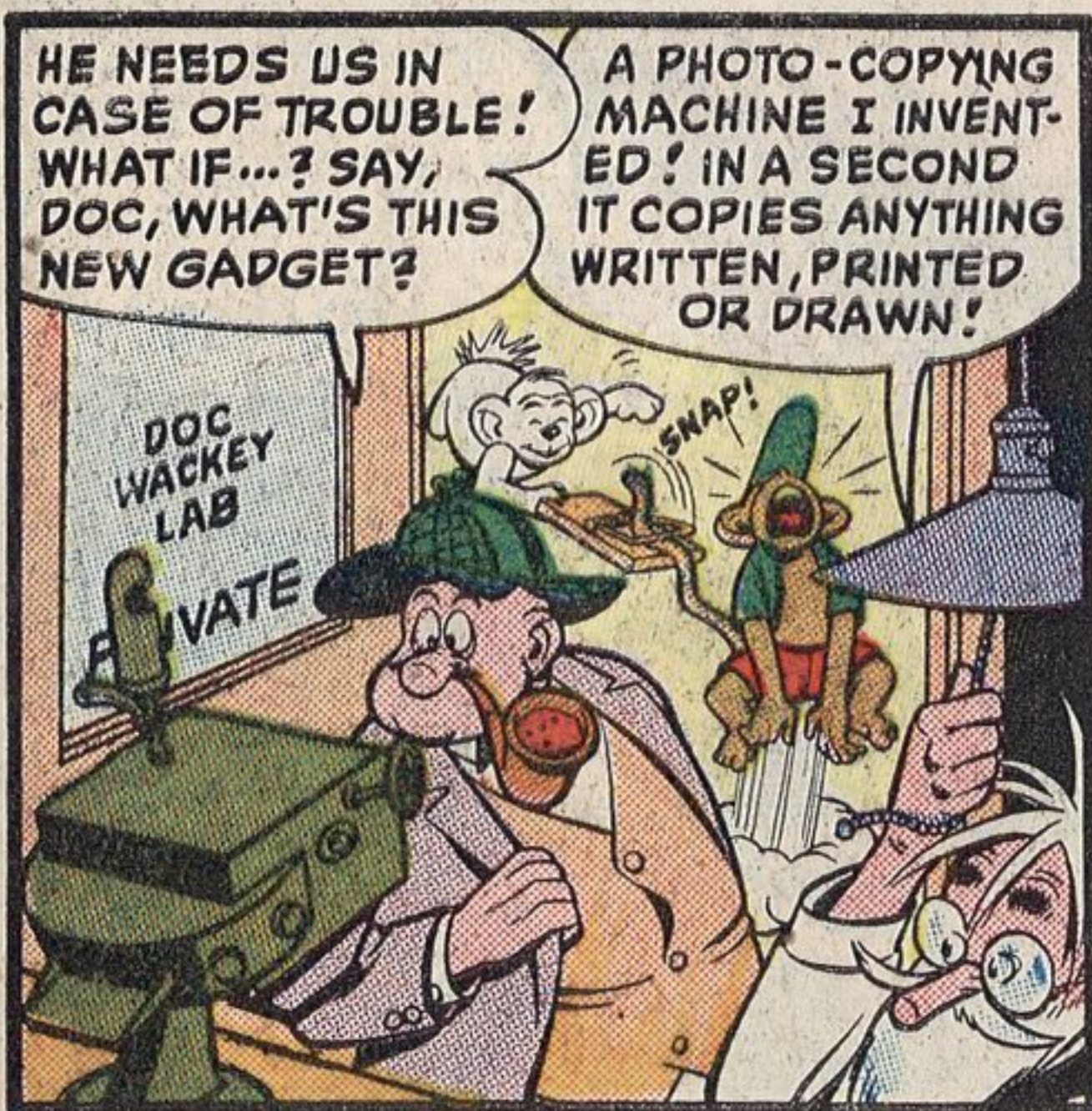


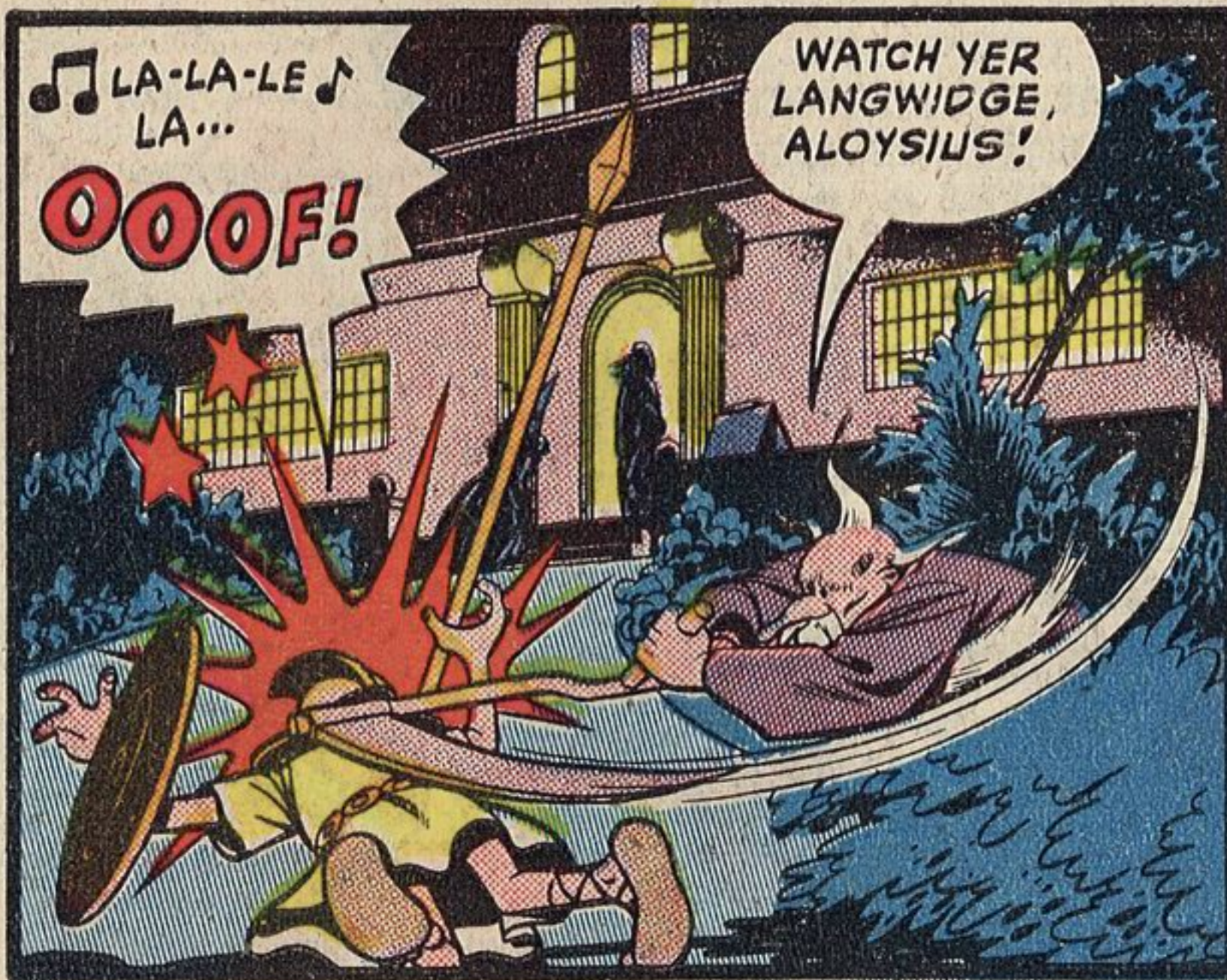
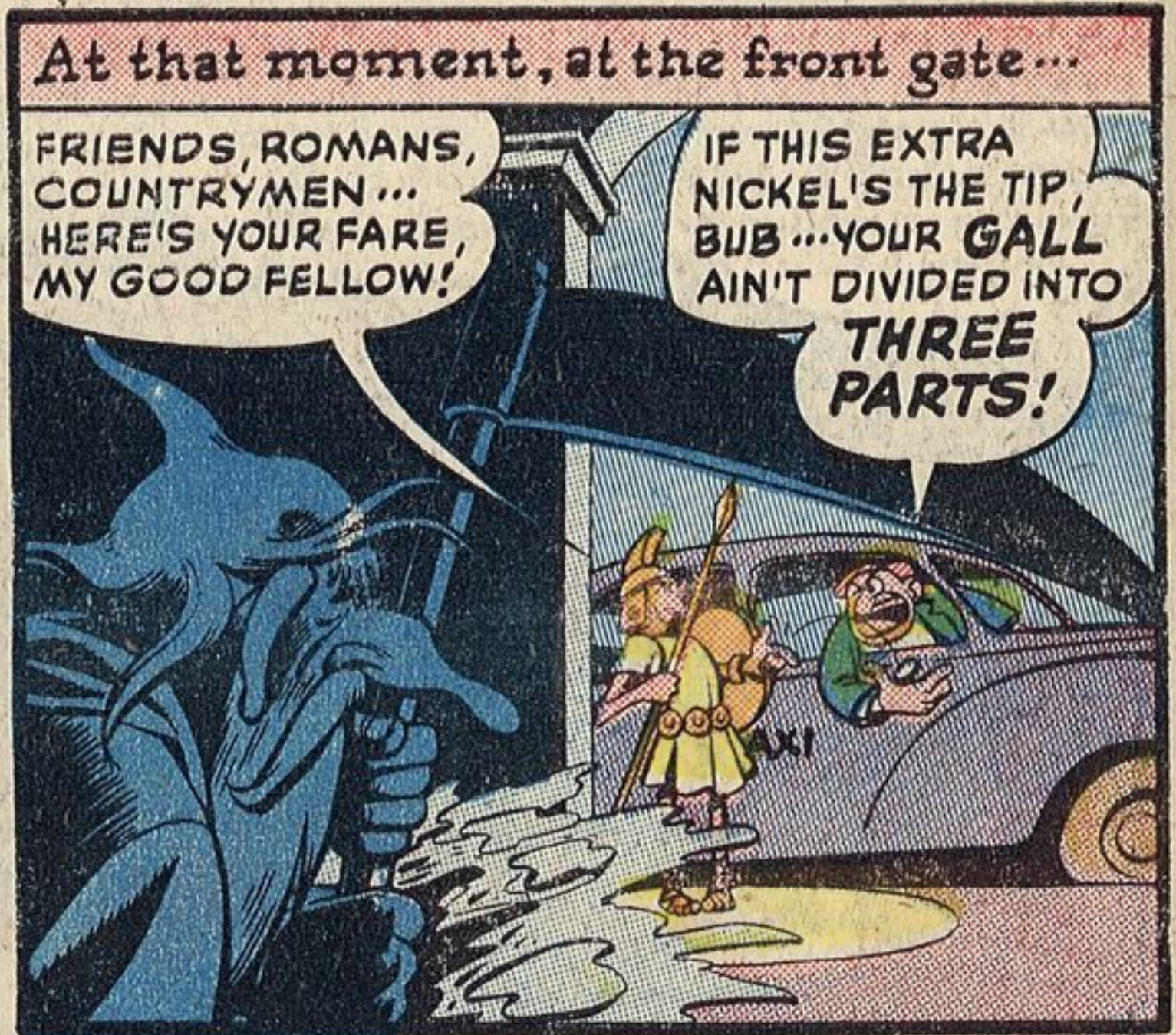
YOU HAVE NO INVITATIONS AND THERE'LL BE COPS A MILE DEEP! THE DIAMOND CUTTERS DISPLAY THEIR BEST JOBS AT THIS BALL!

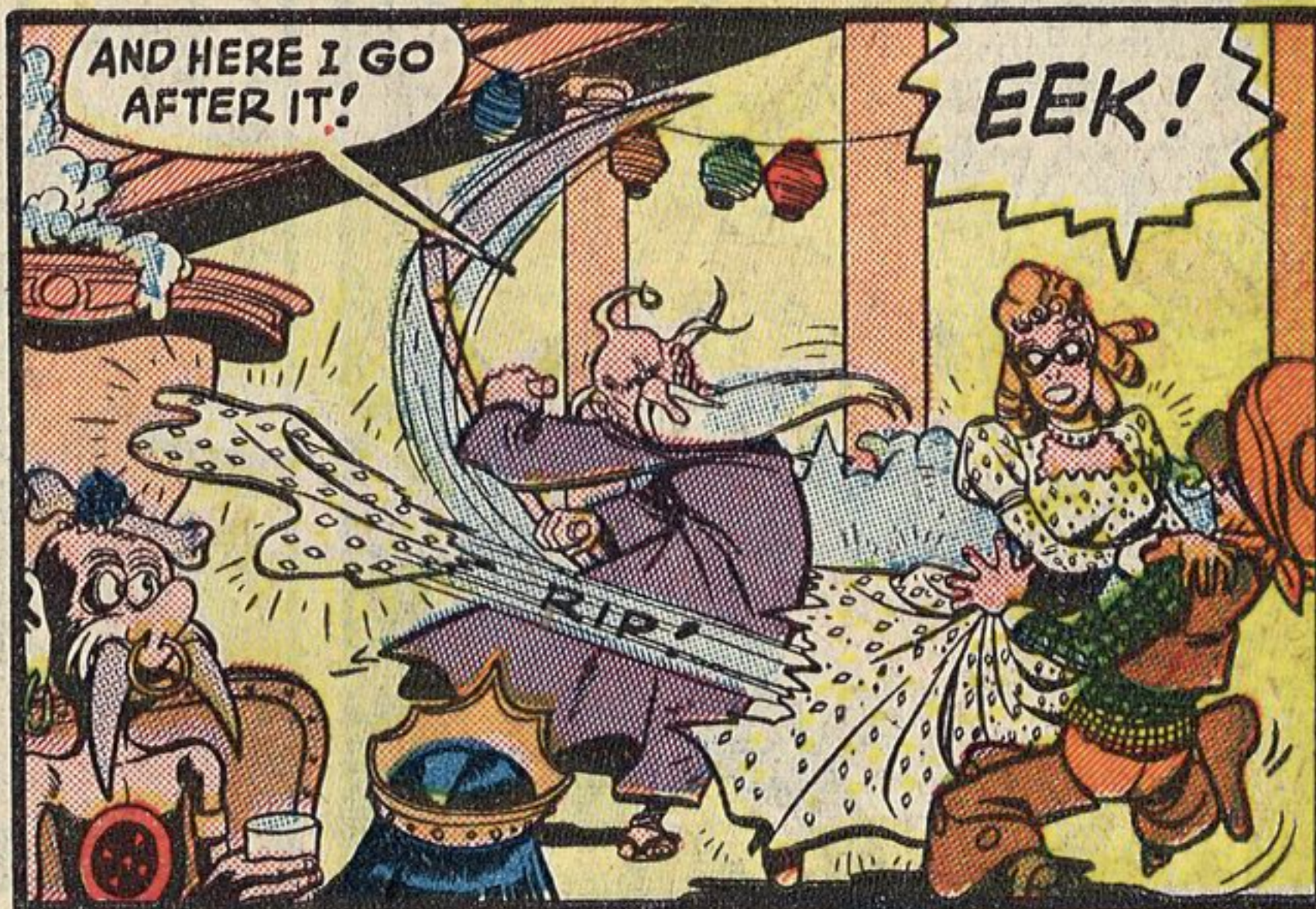
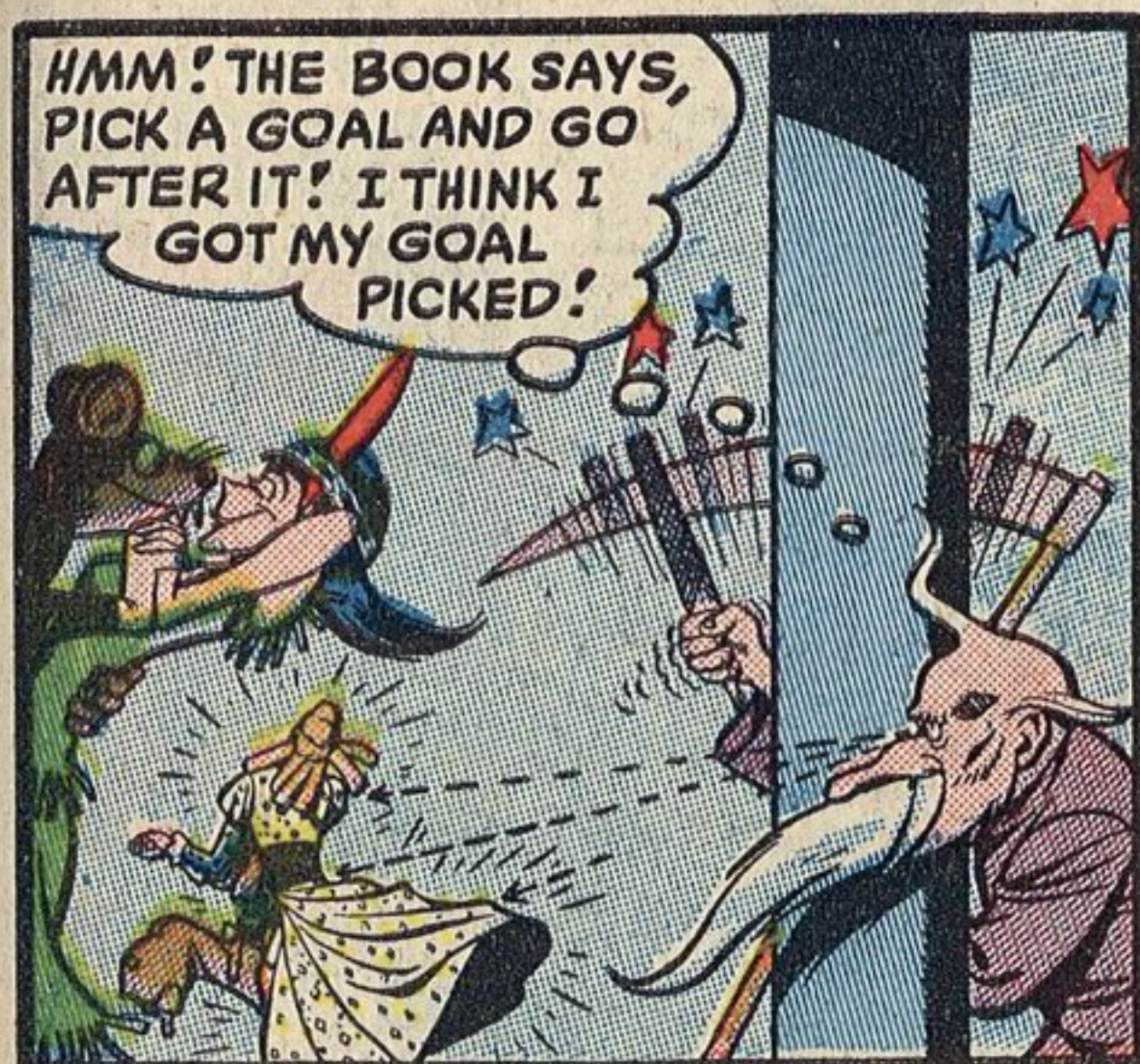
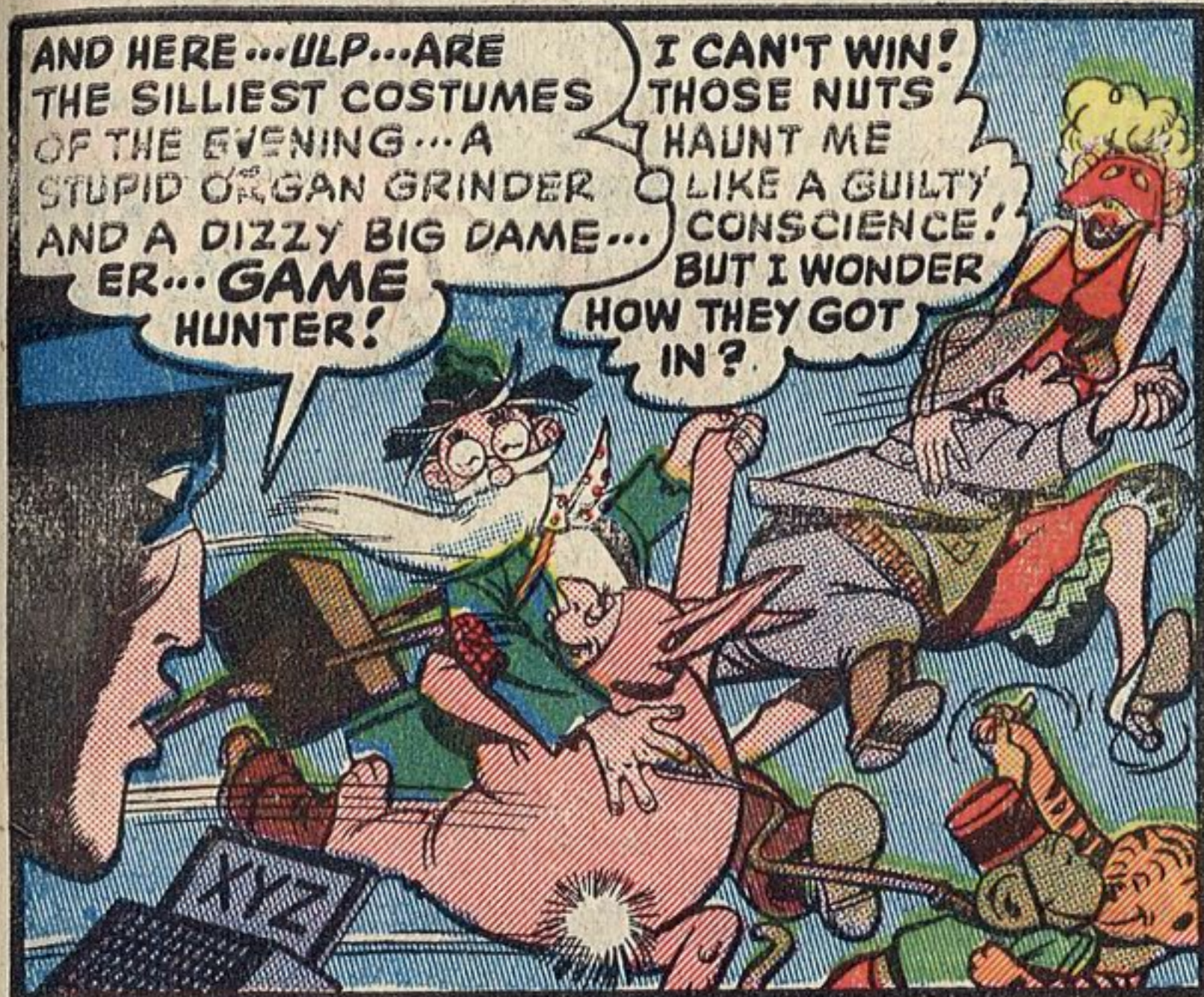


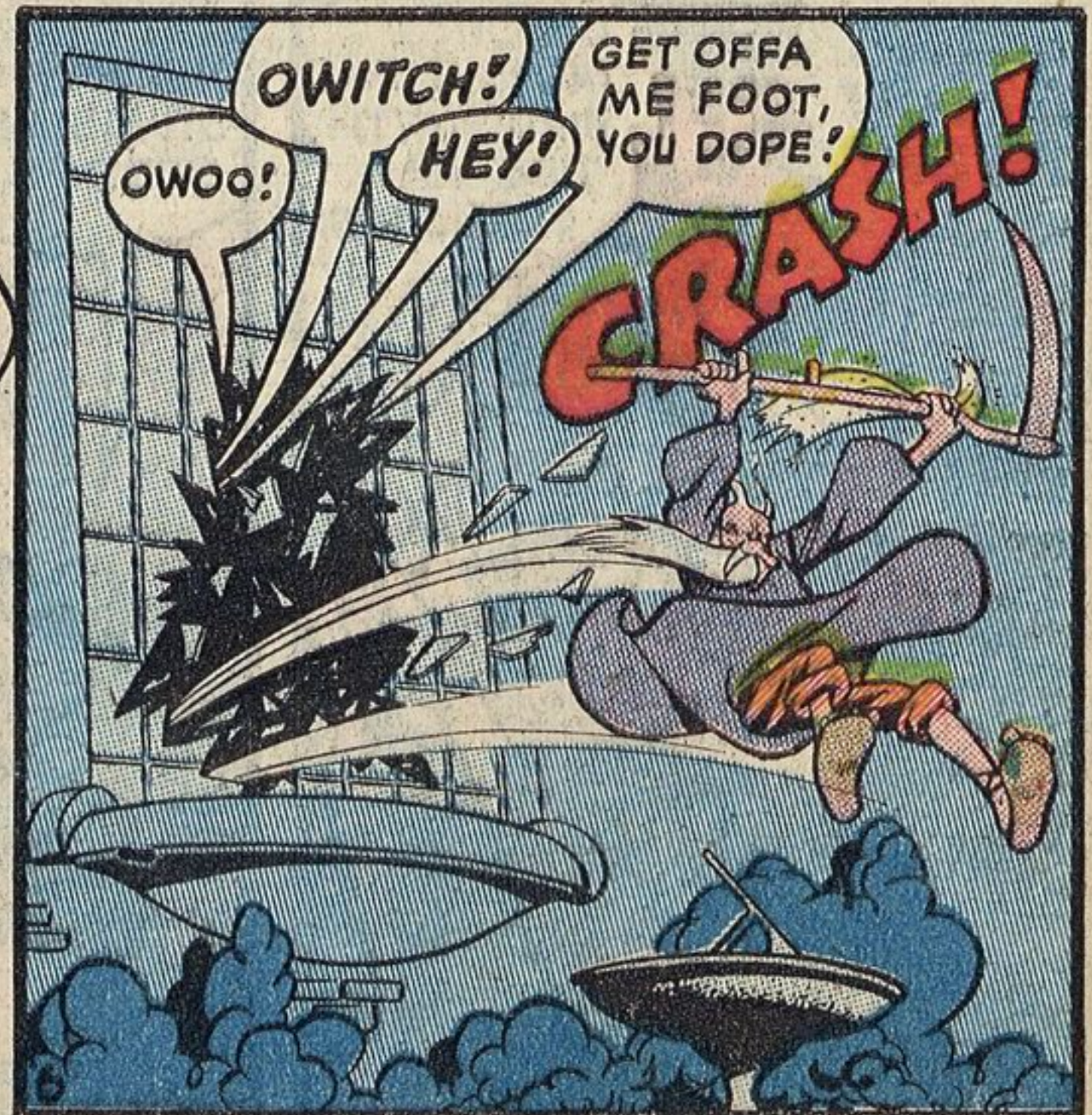
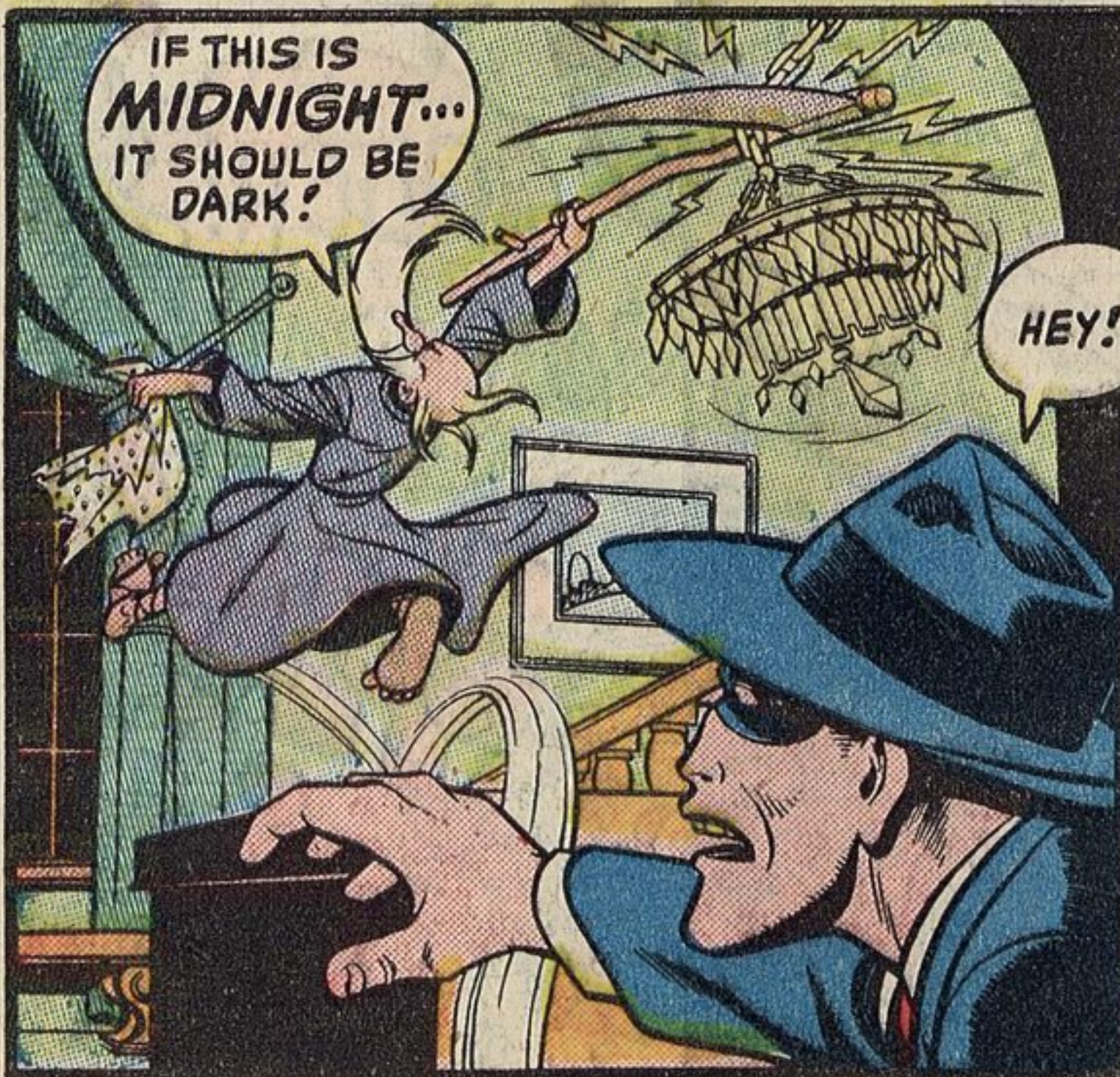
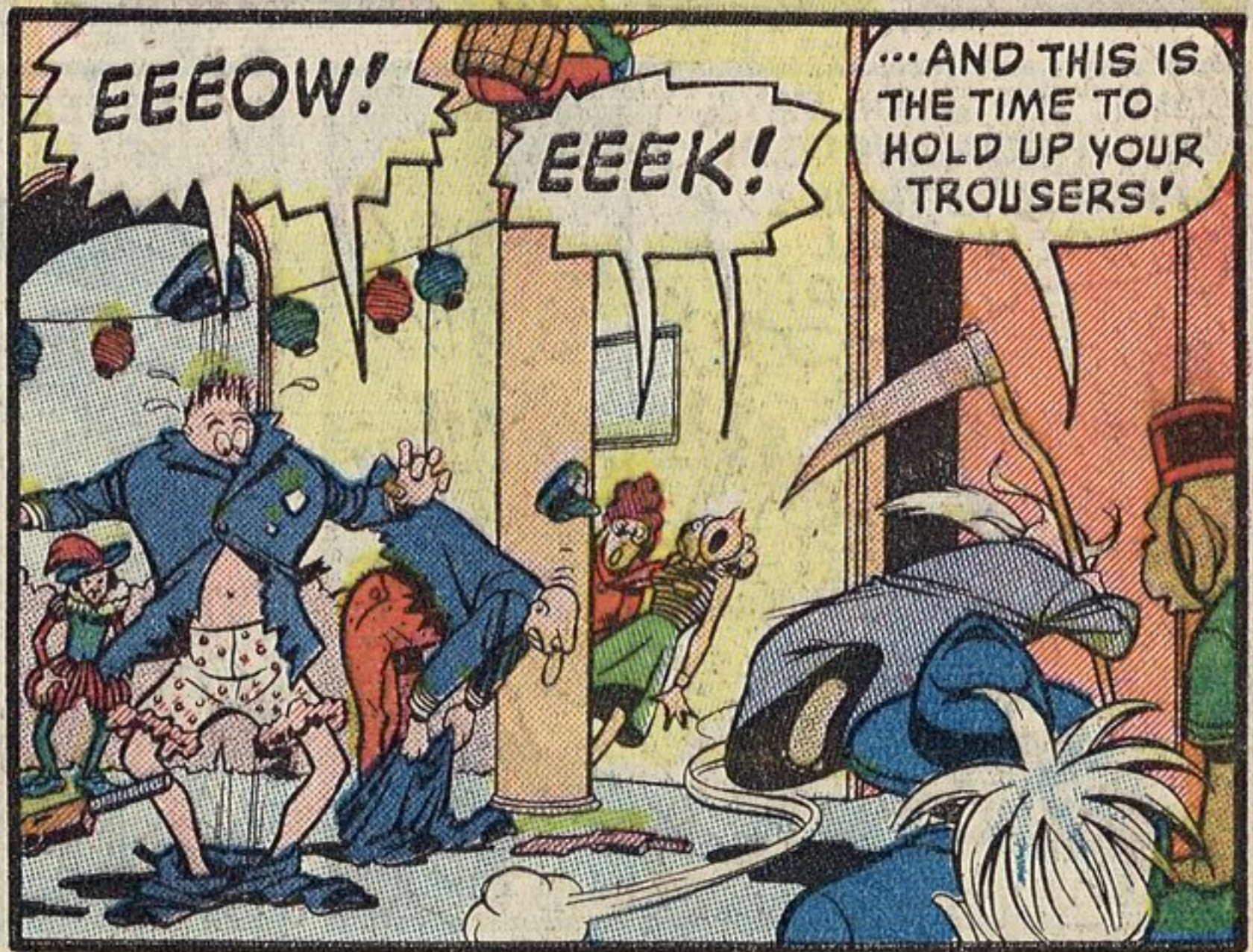
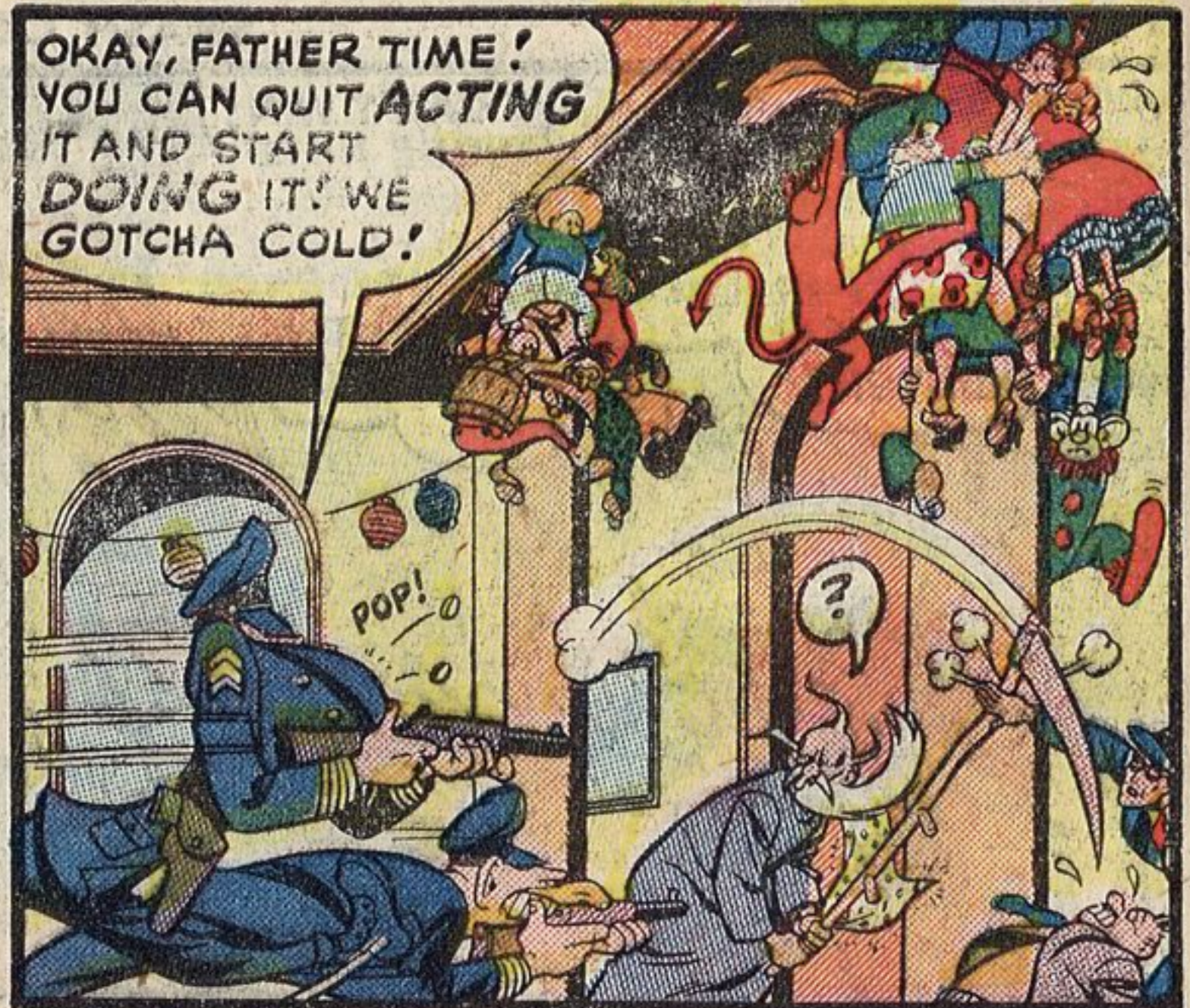
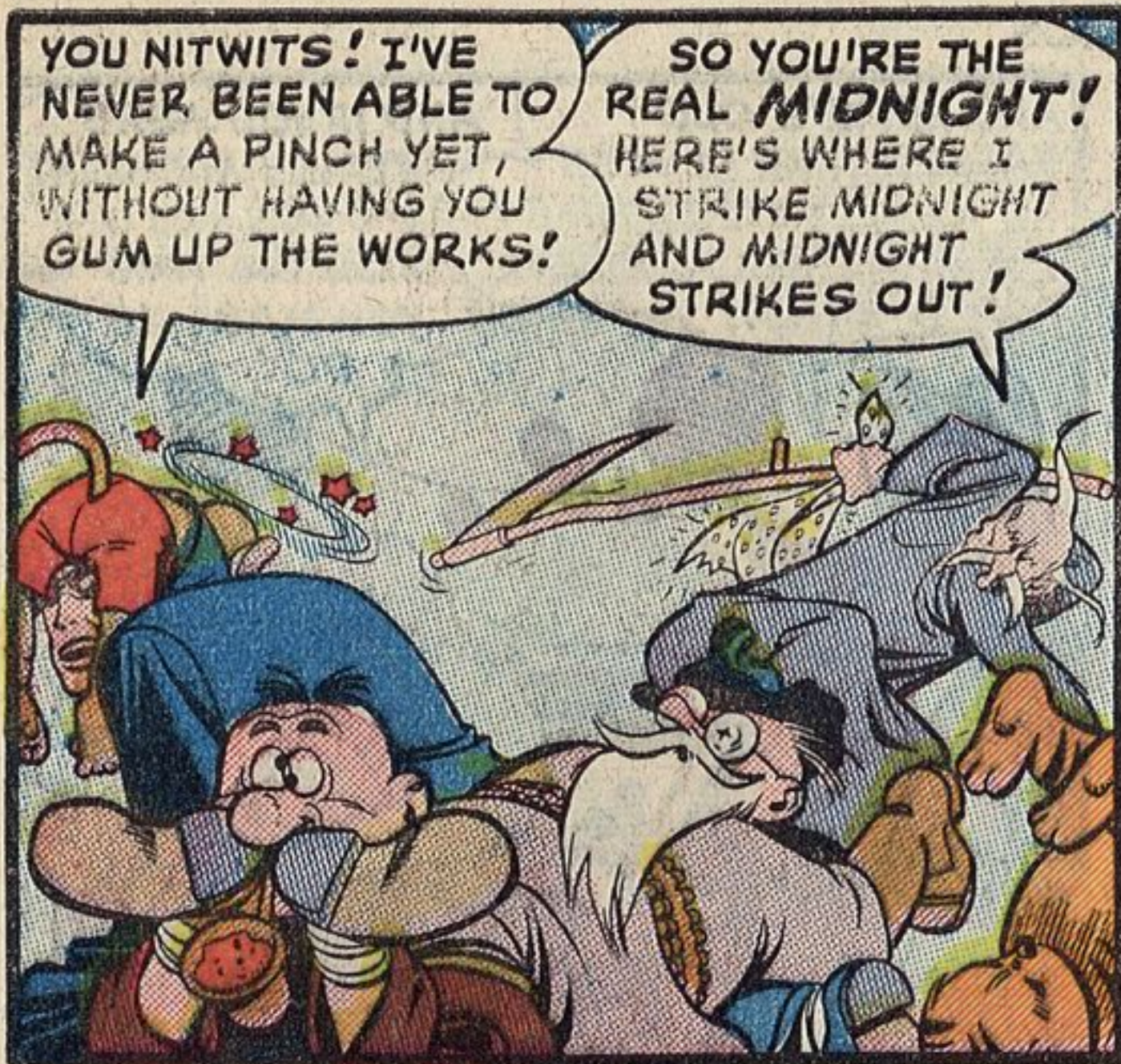
ALL THE MORE REASON WHY WE SHOULD BE THERE TO HELP YOU! WHAT IF SOME CROOK TRIES TO CRASH THE BALL?

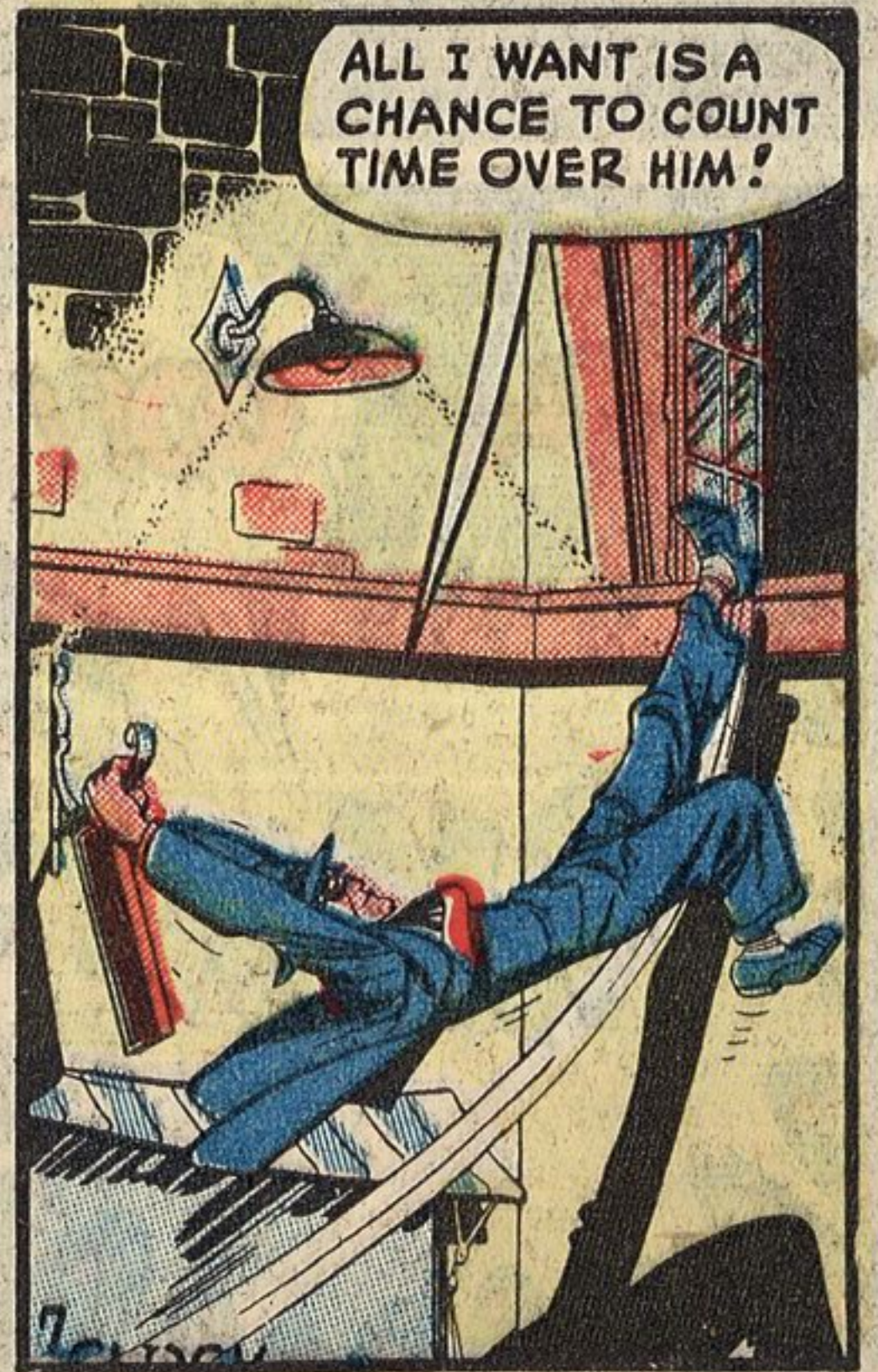
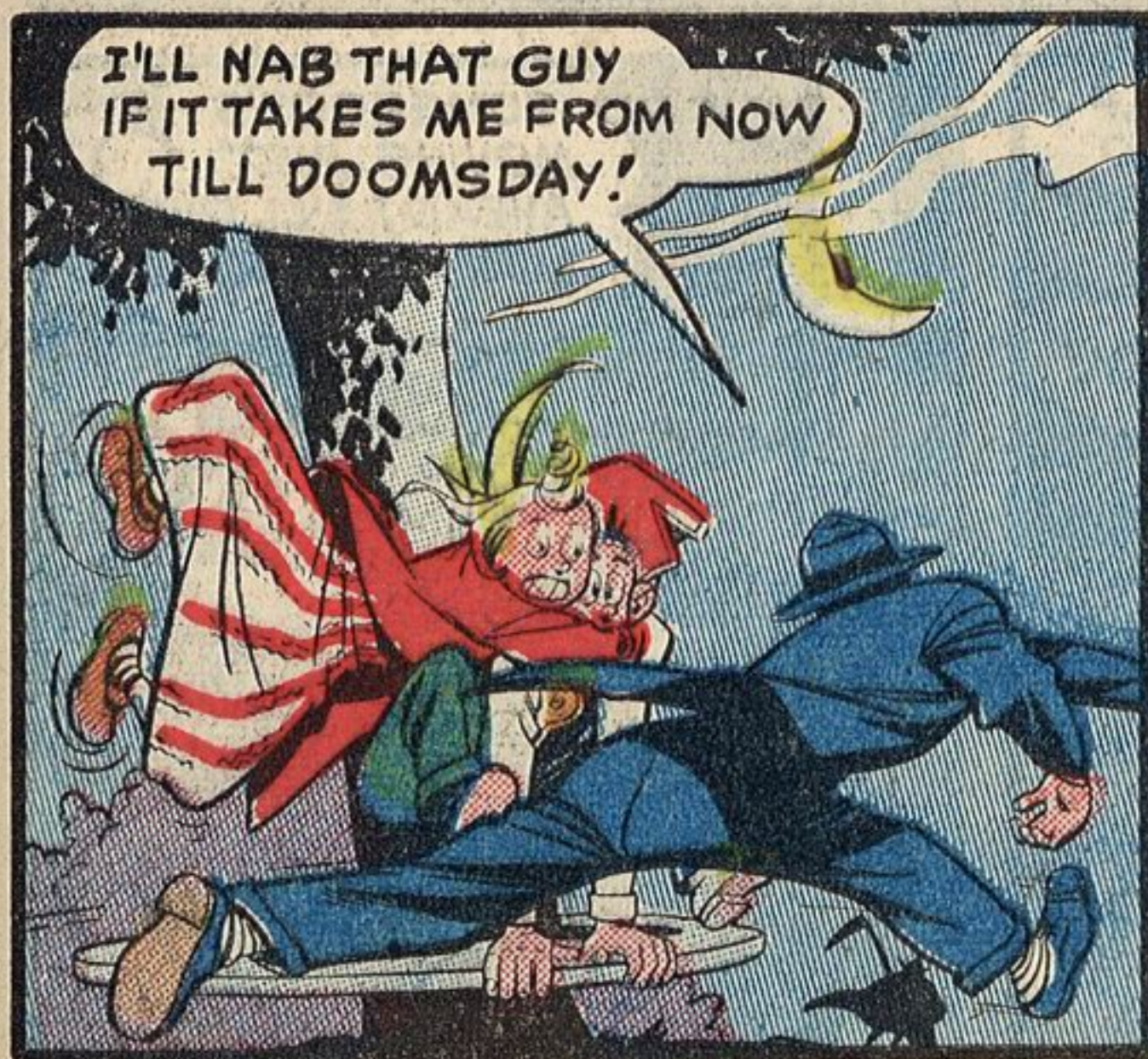
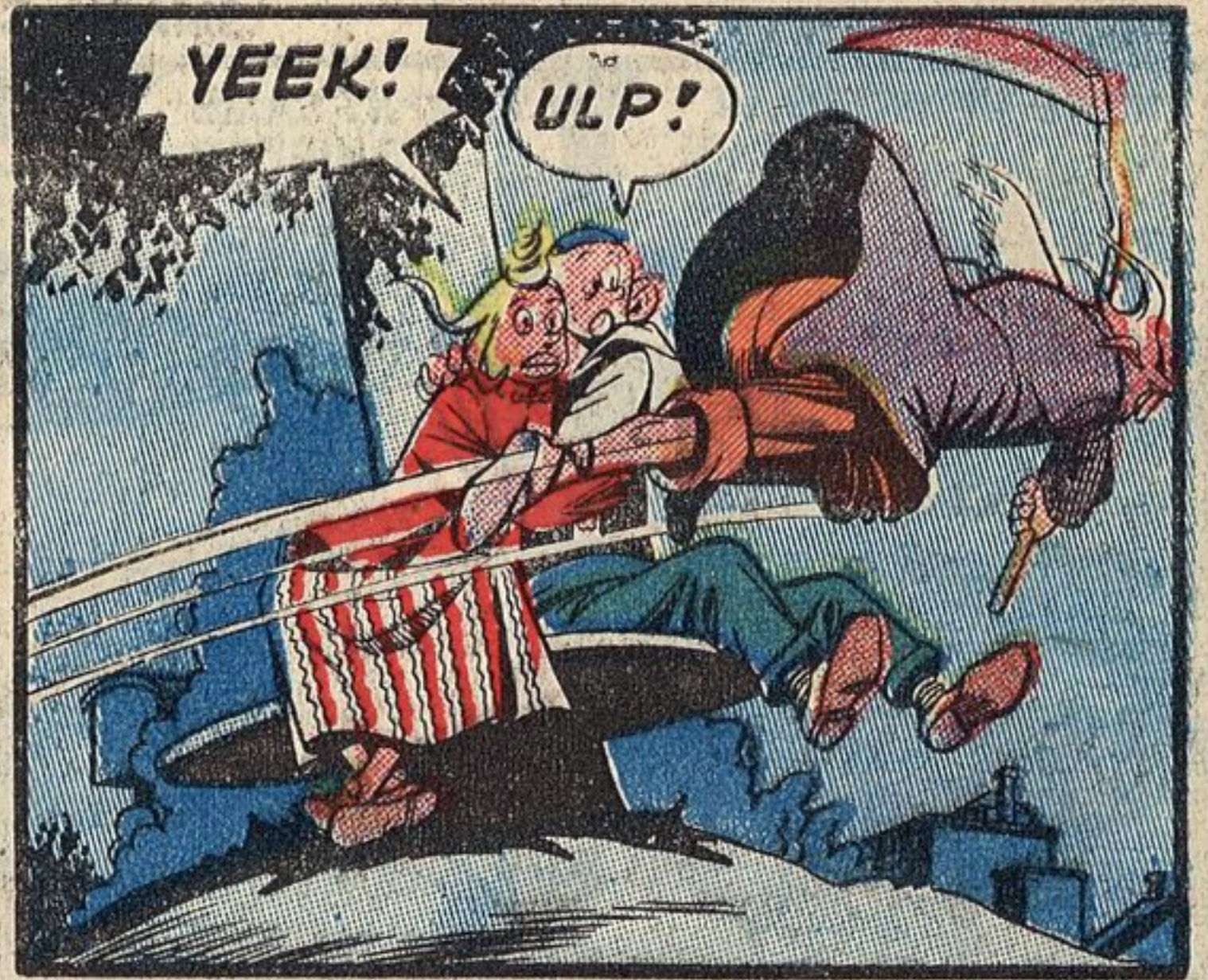
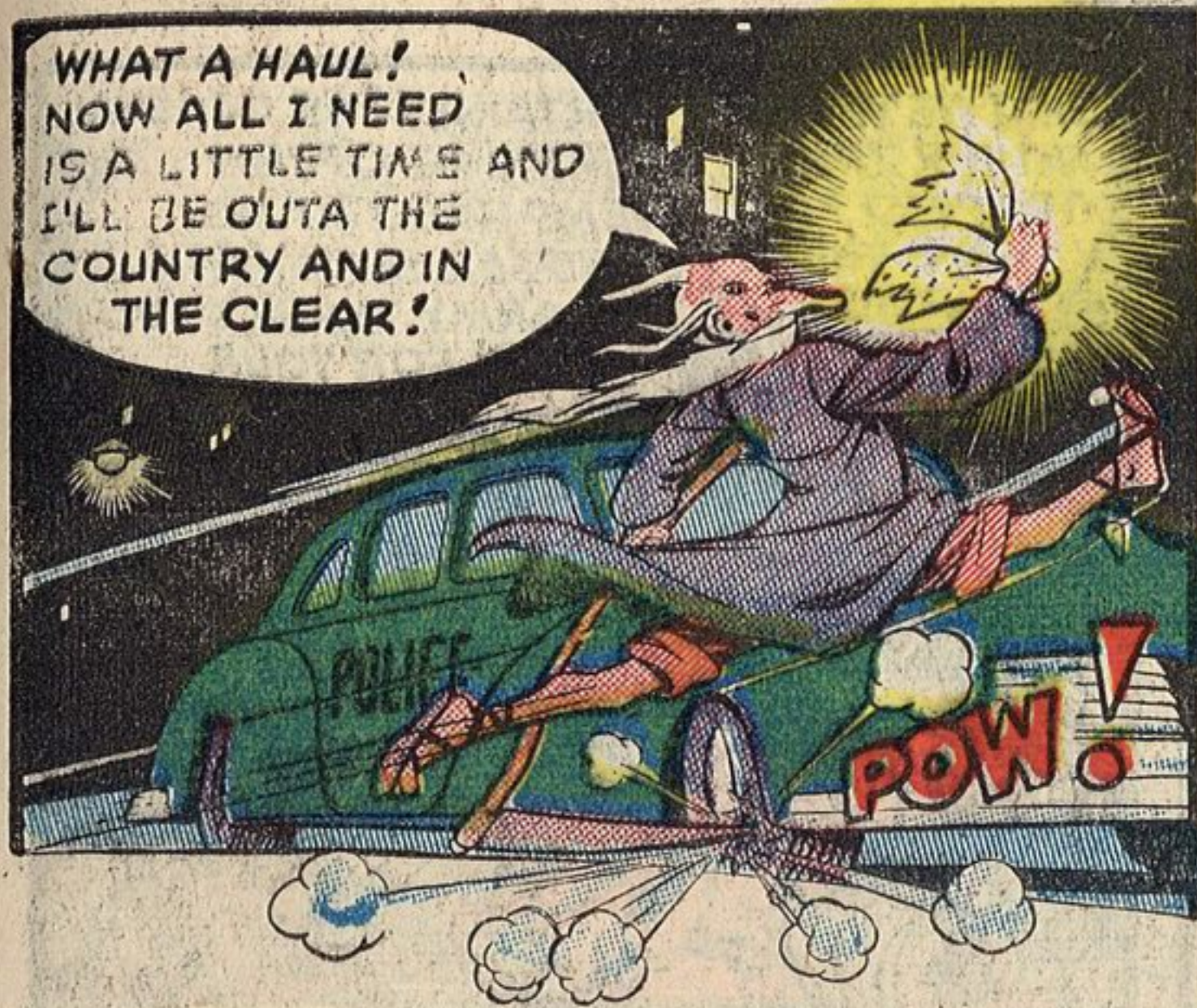


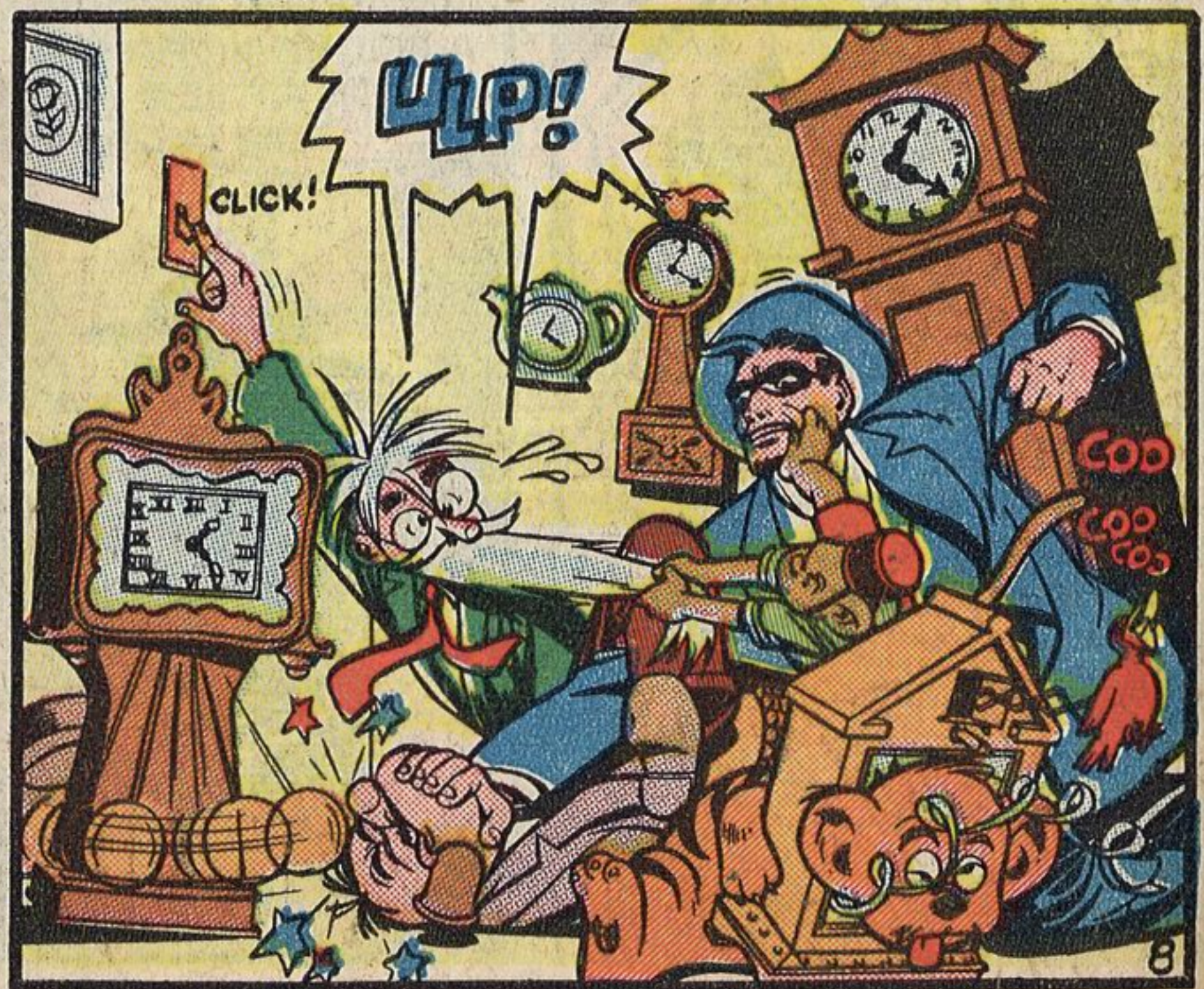
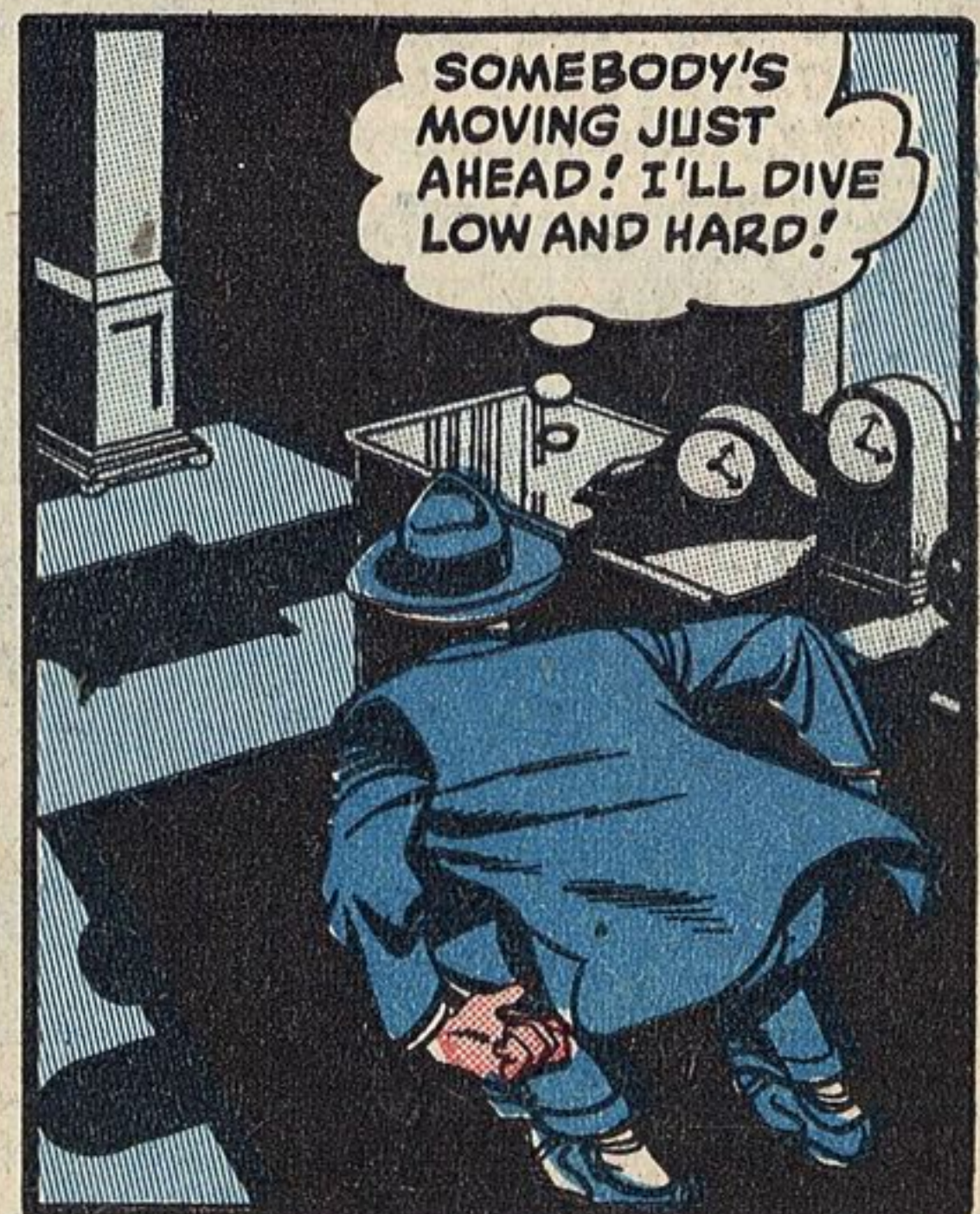
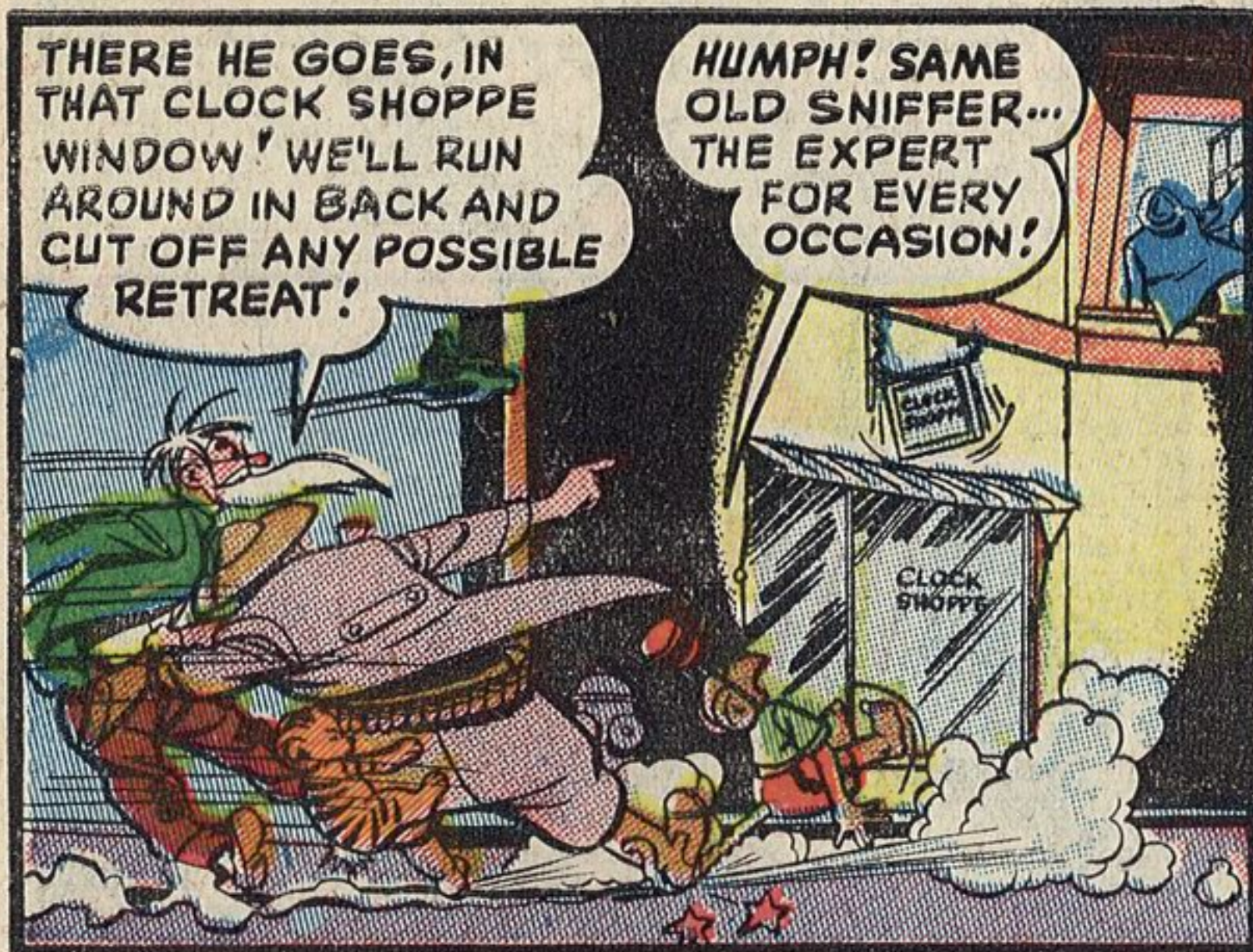


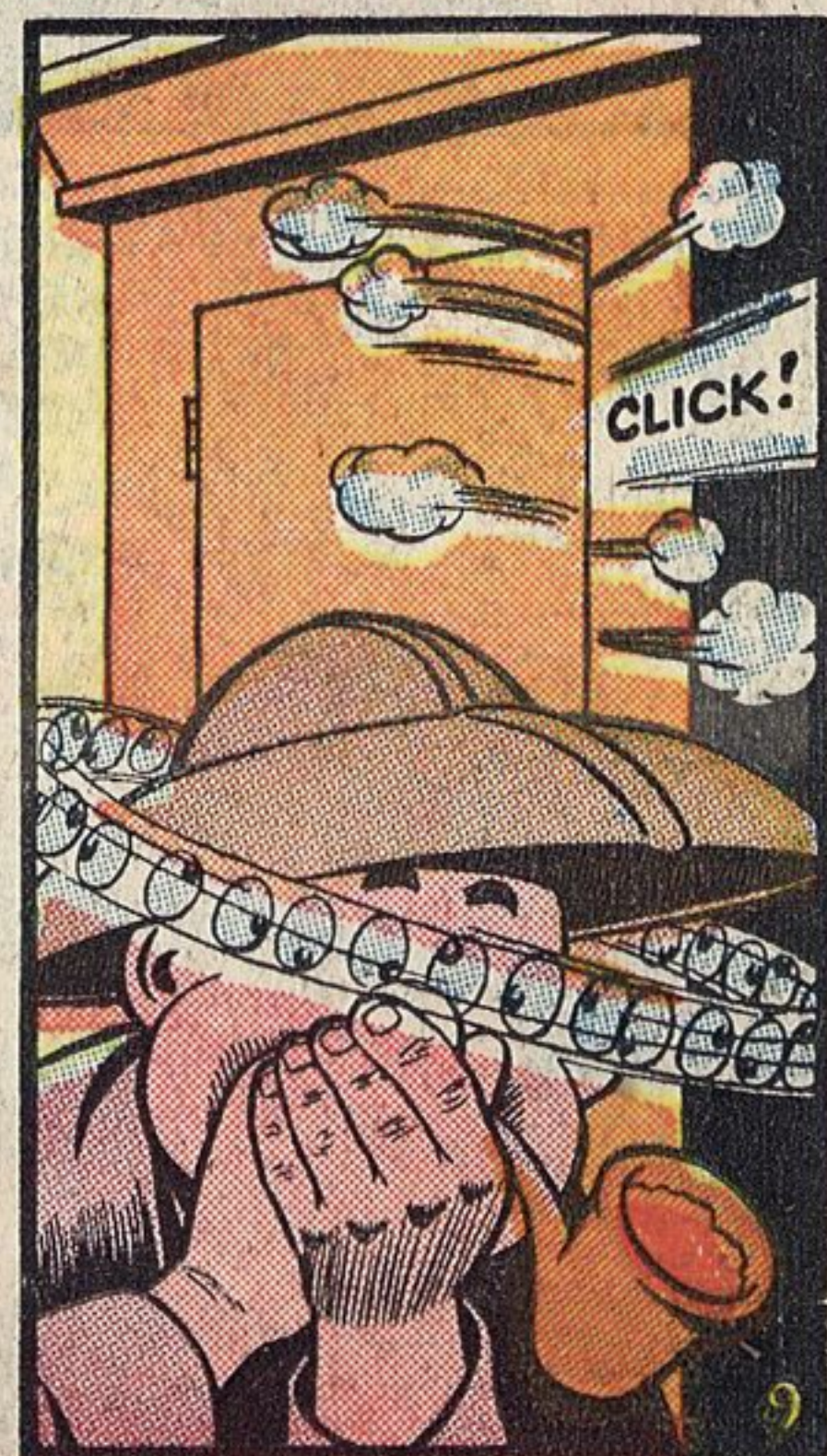
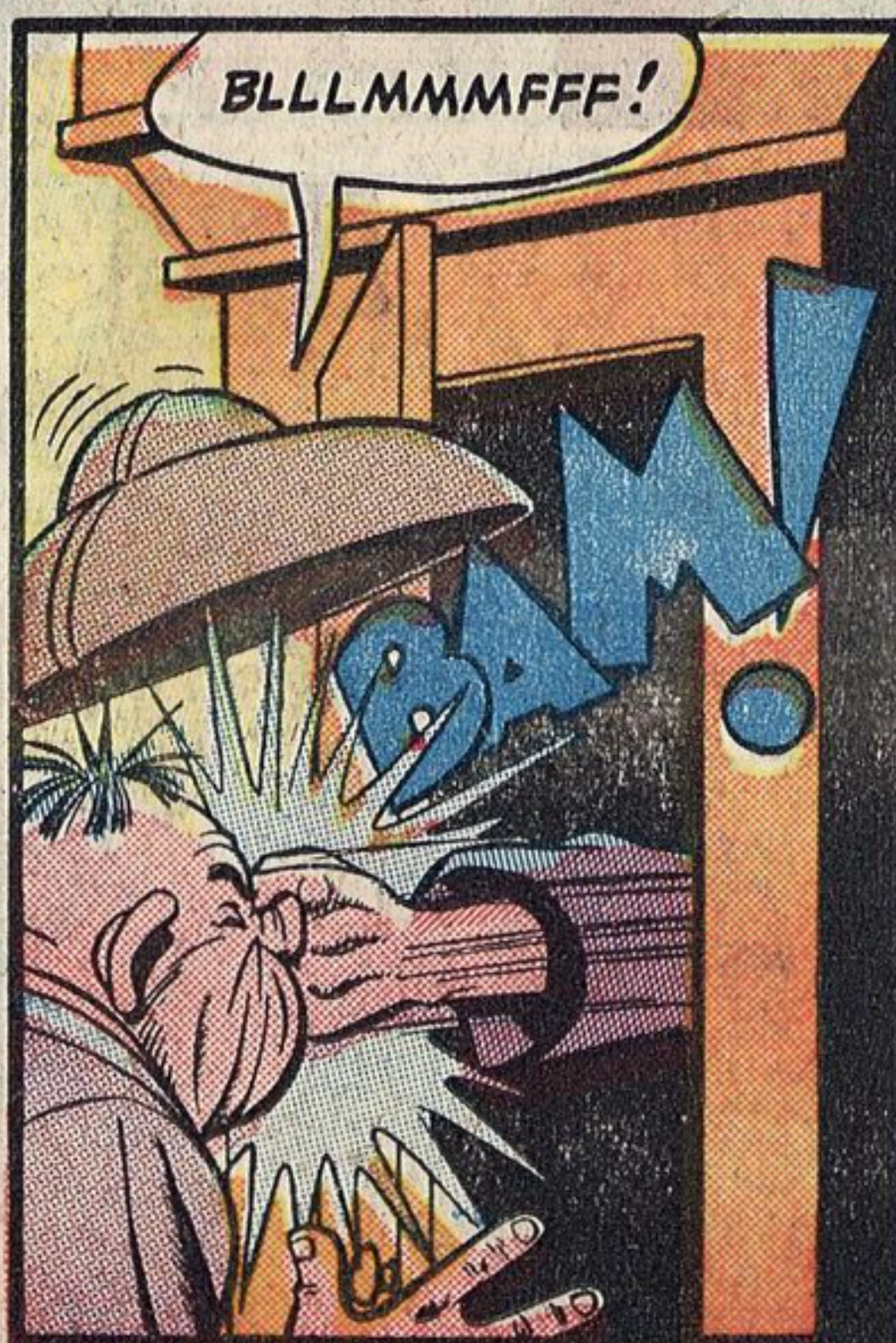
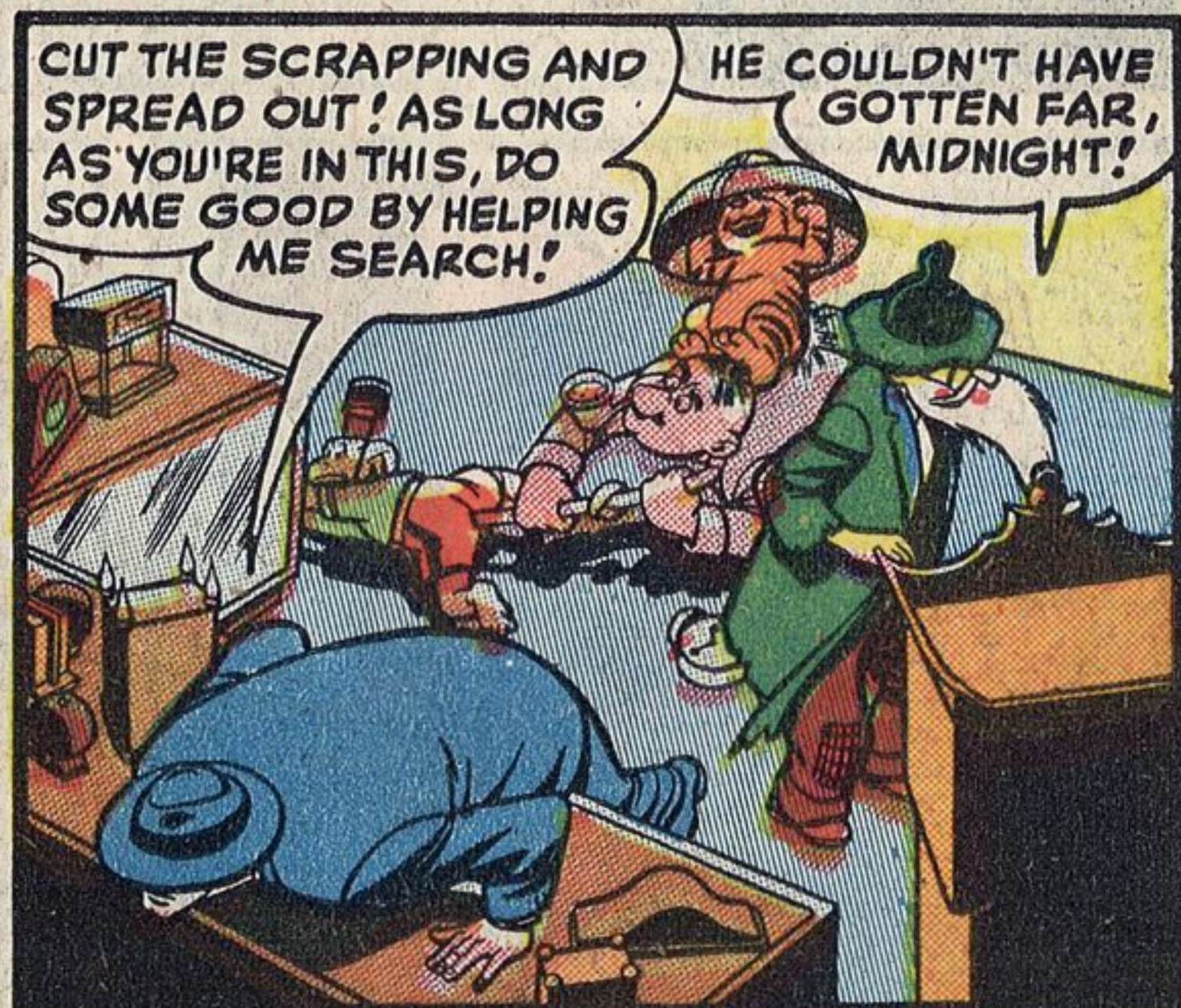
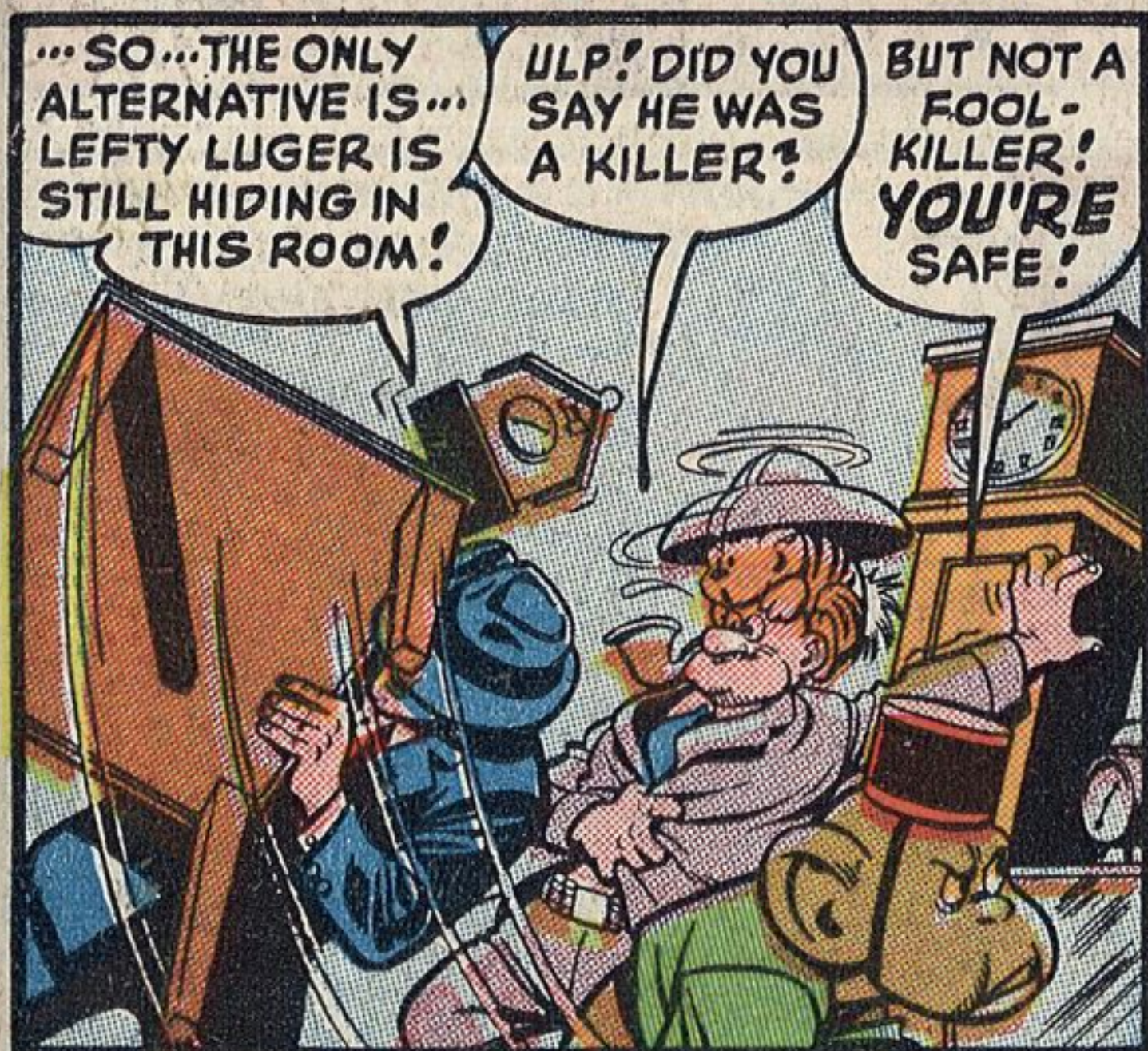
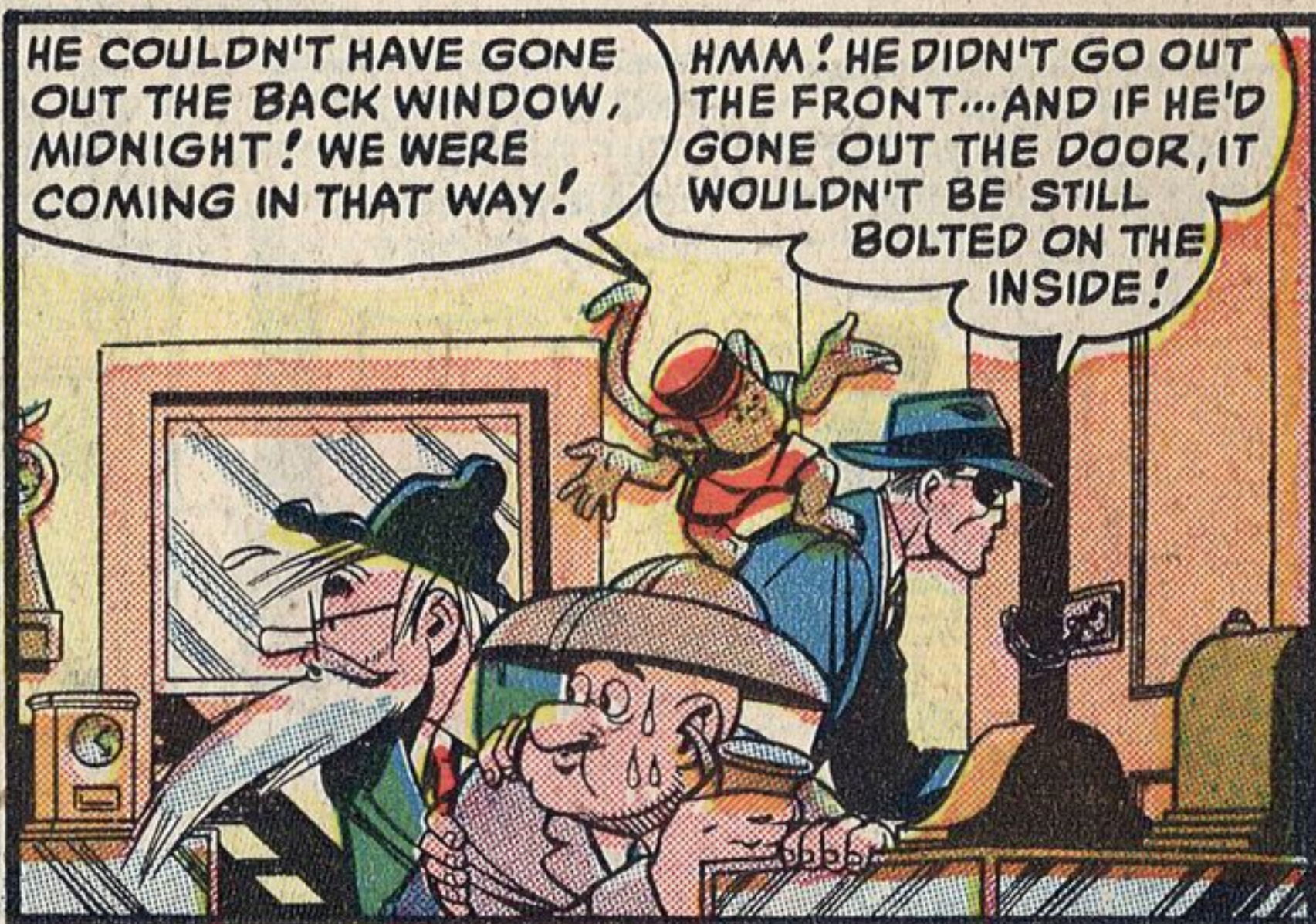


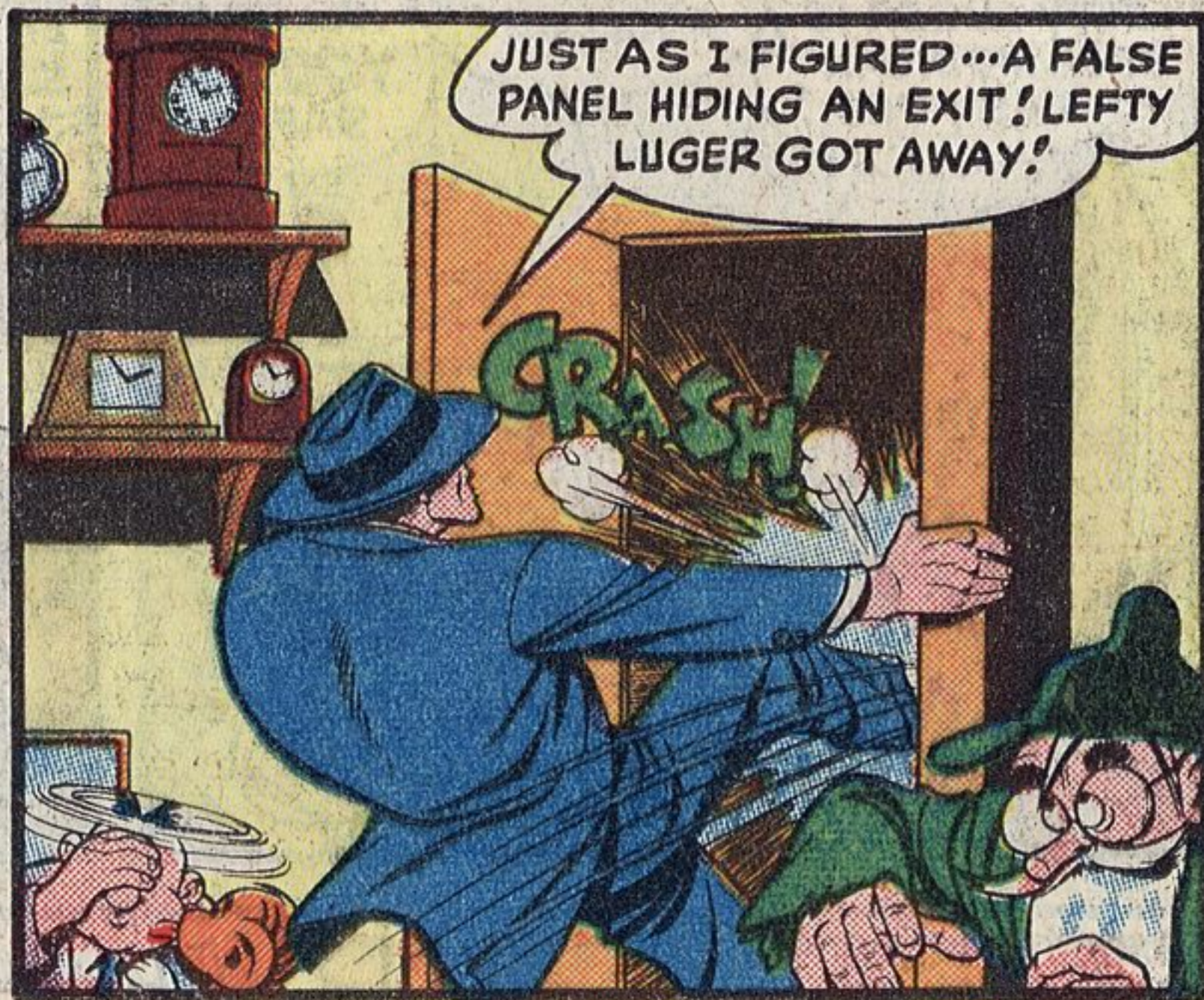
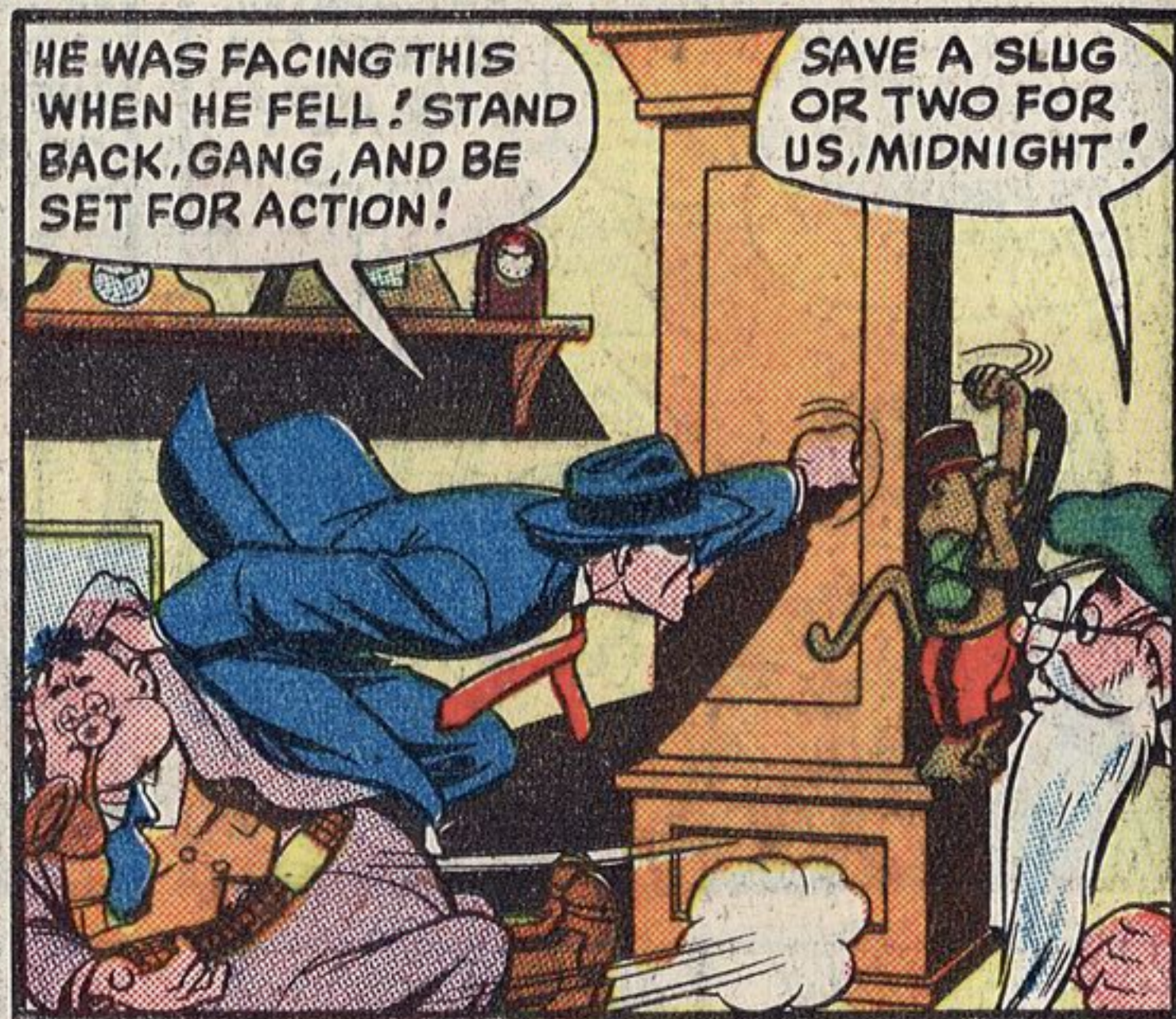


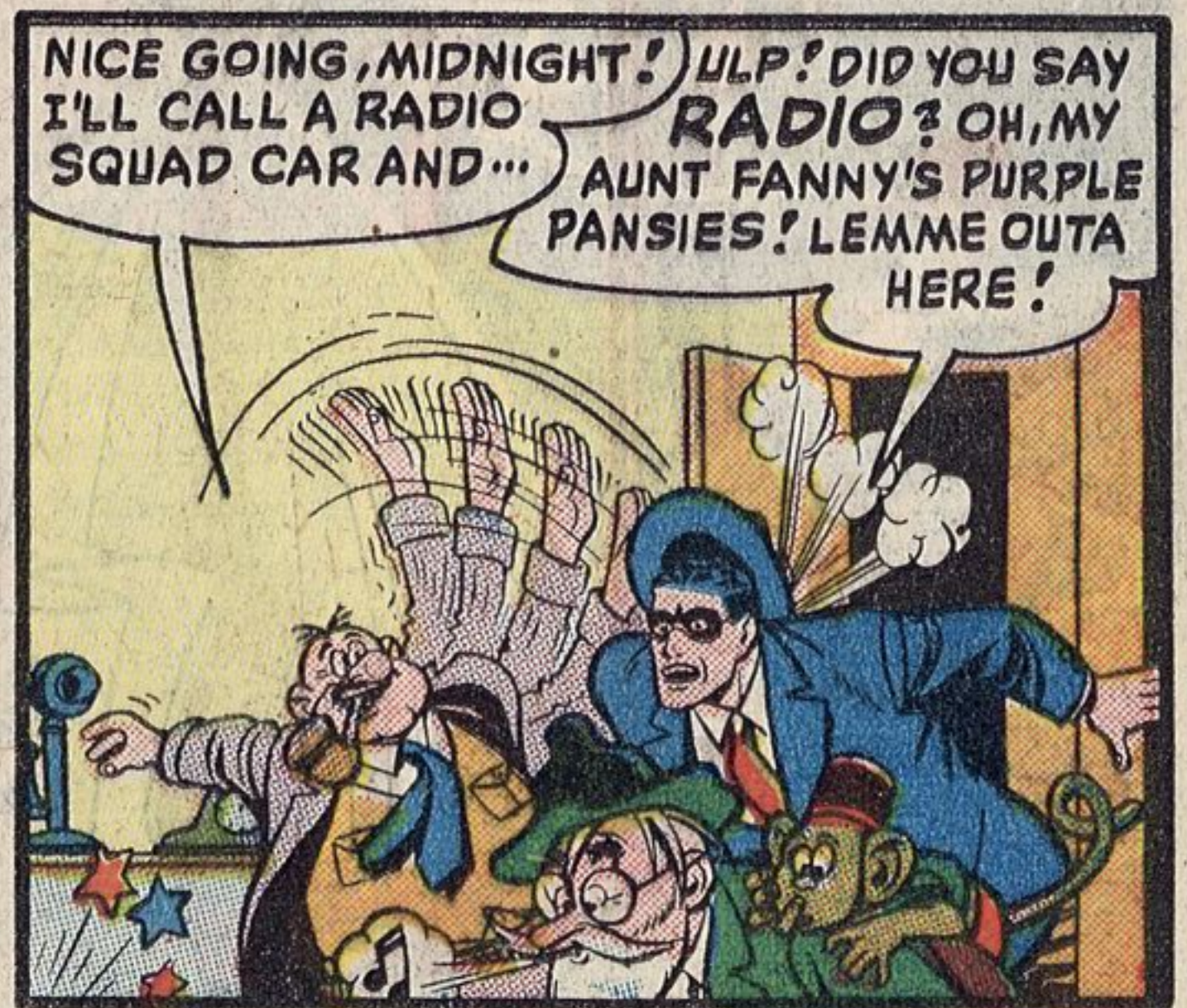
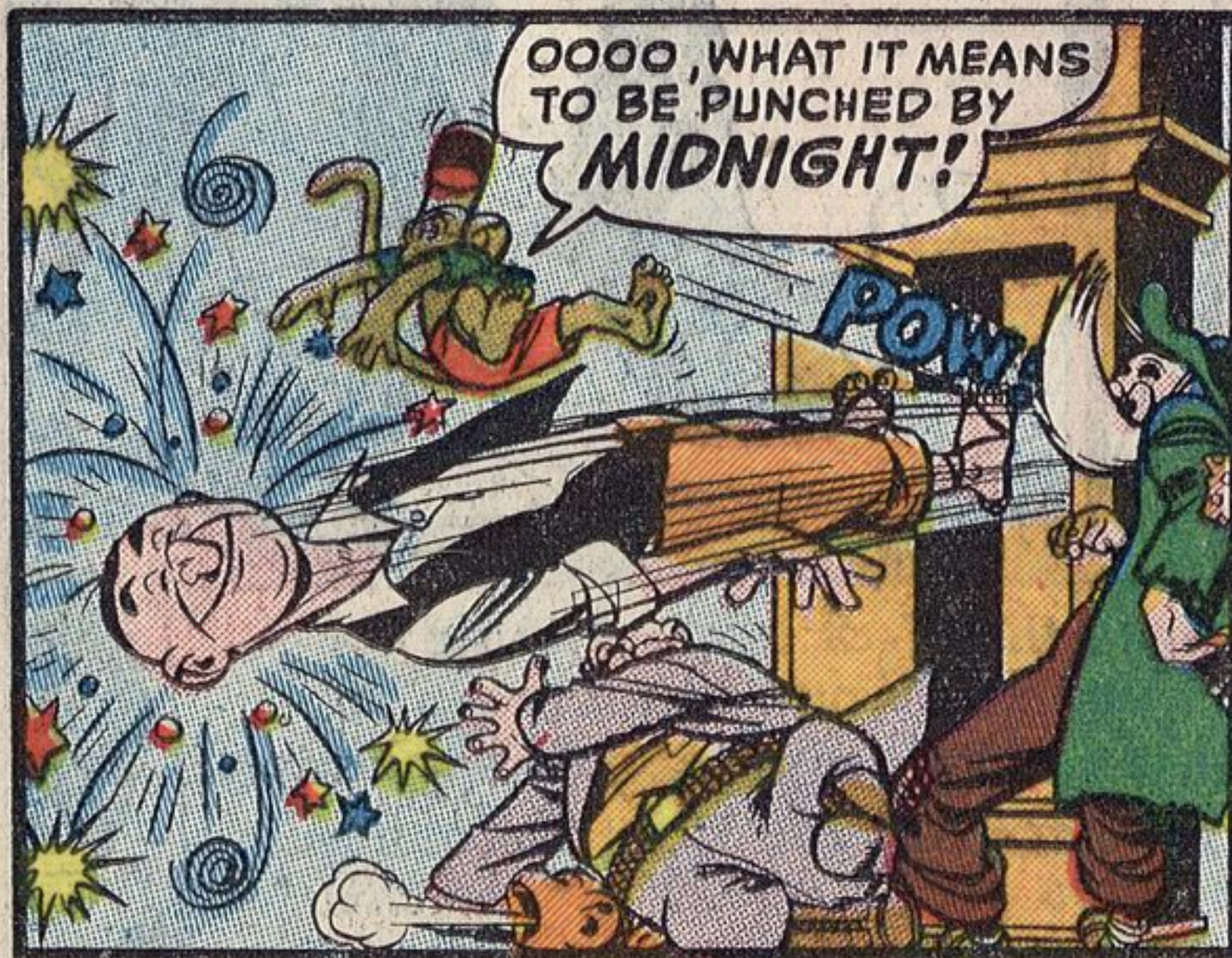
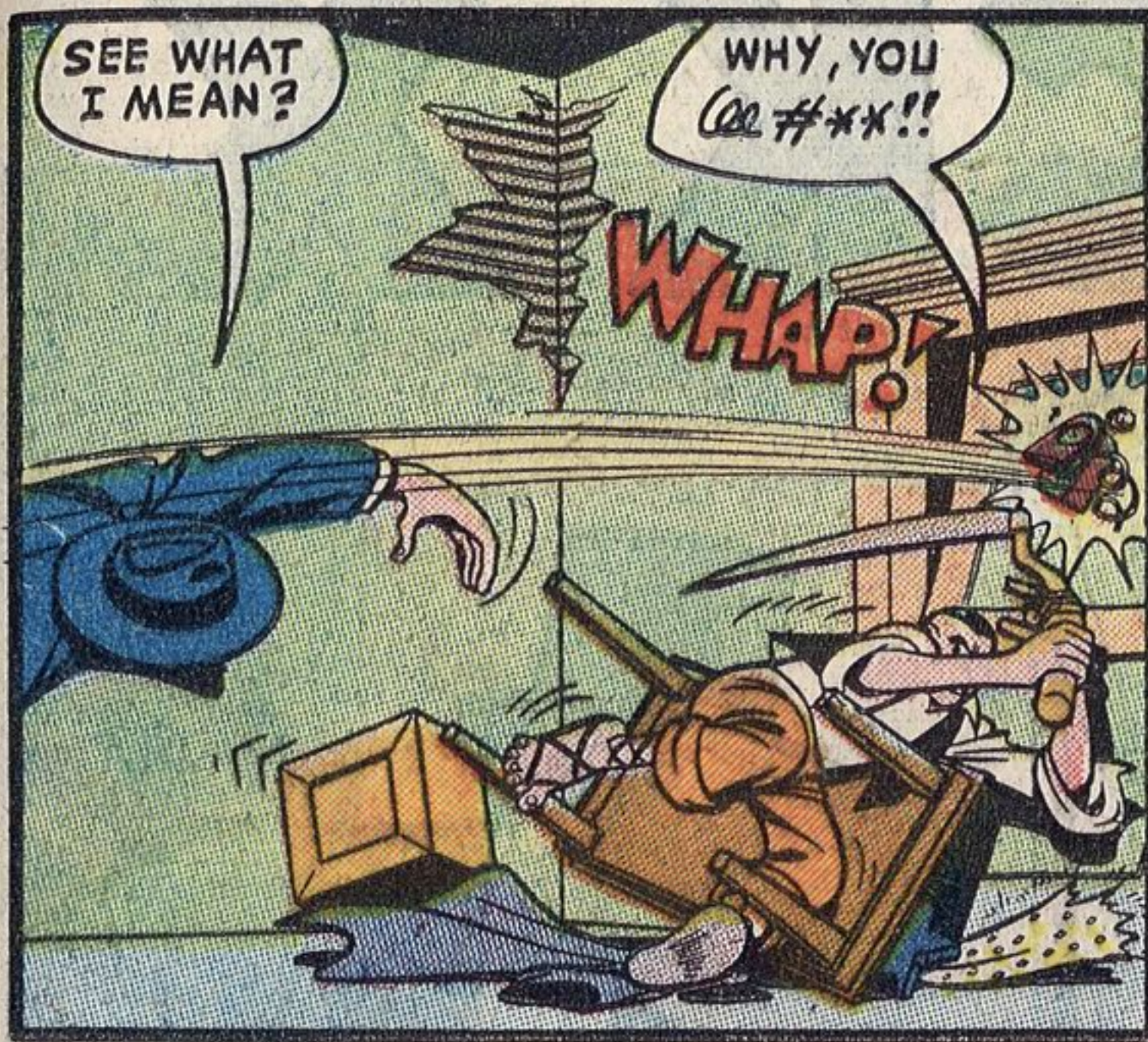




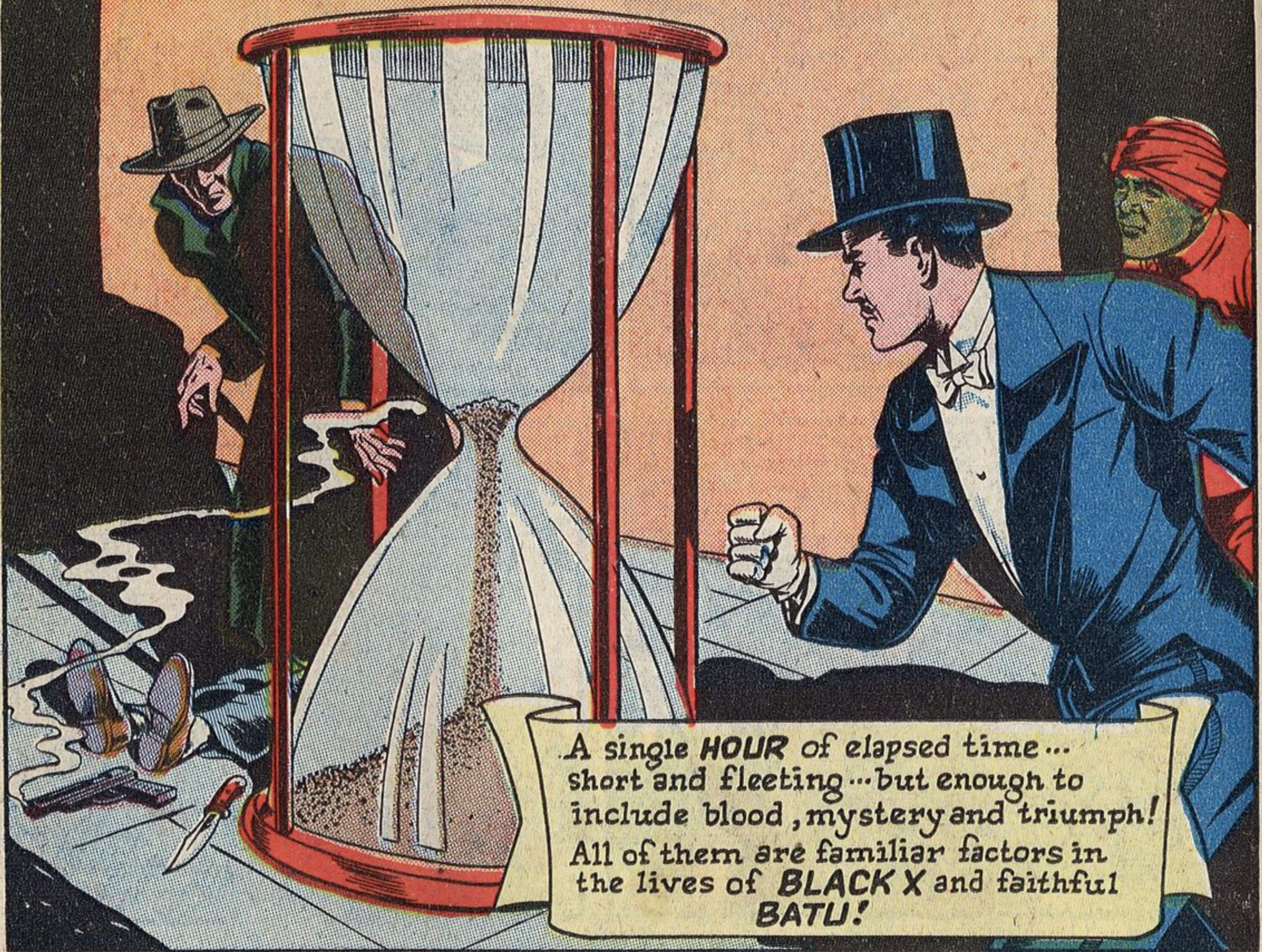


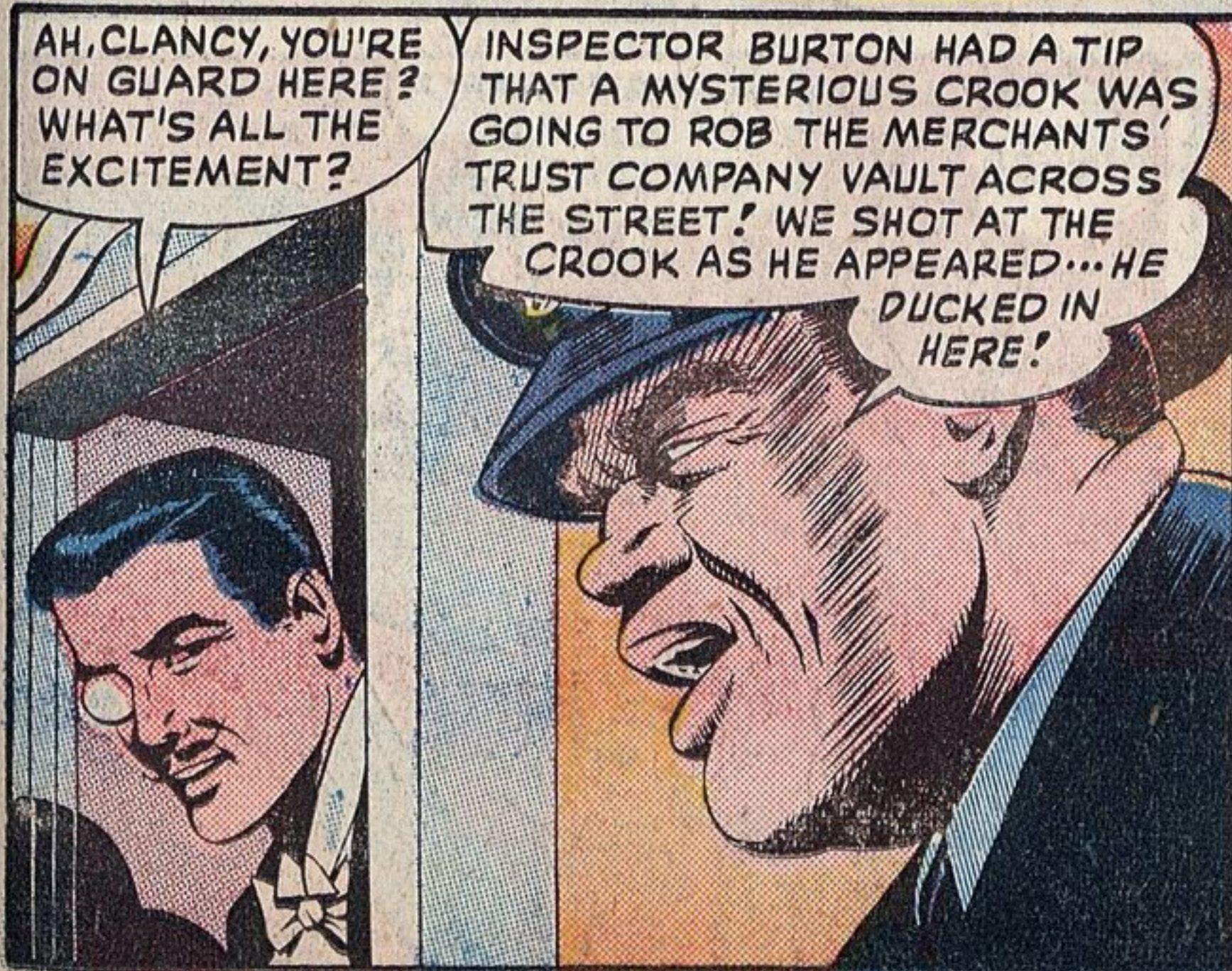


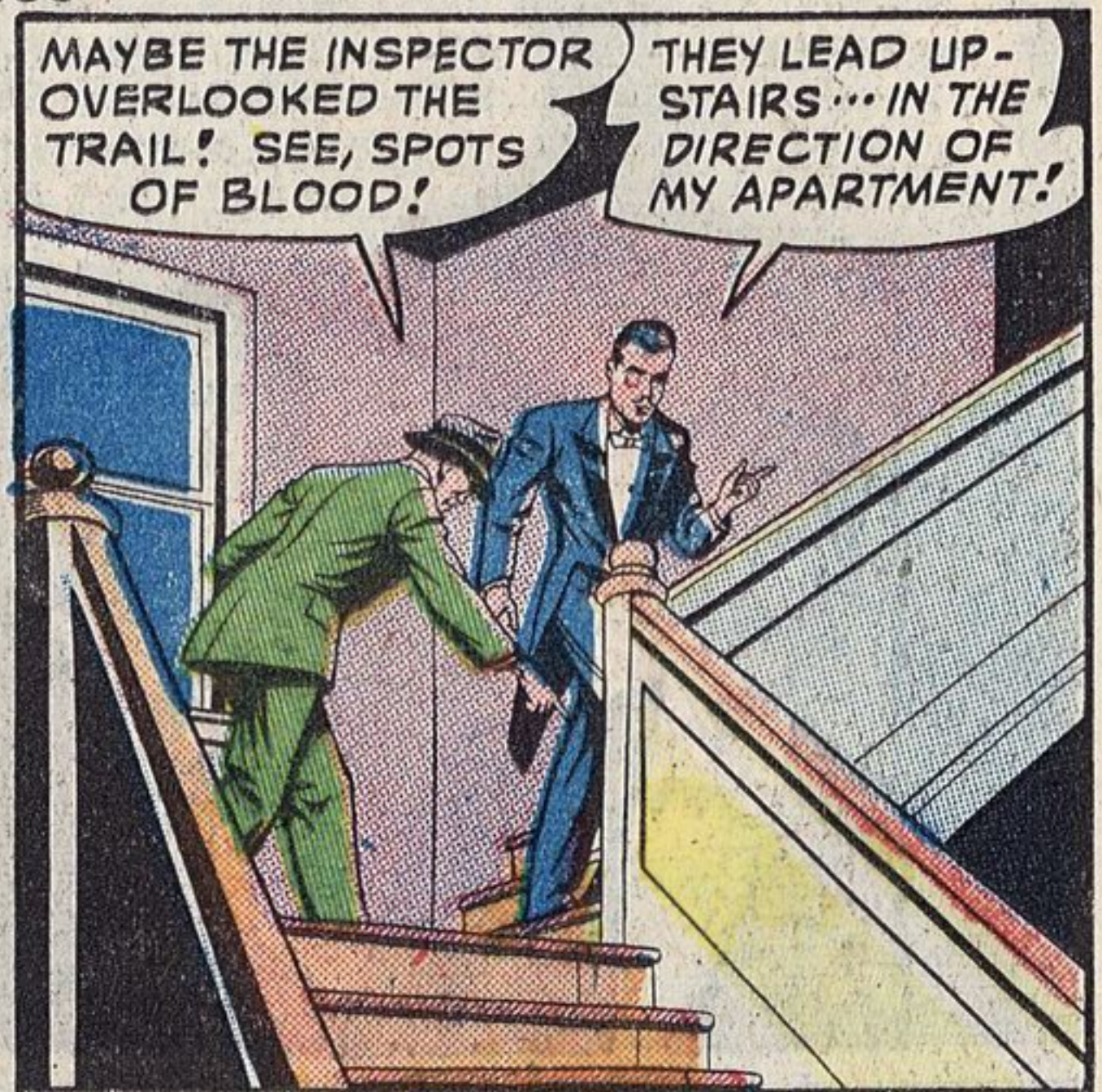


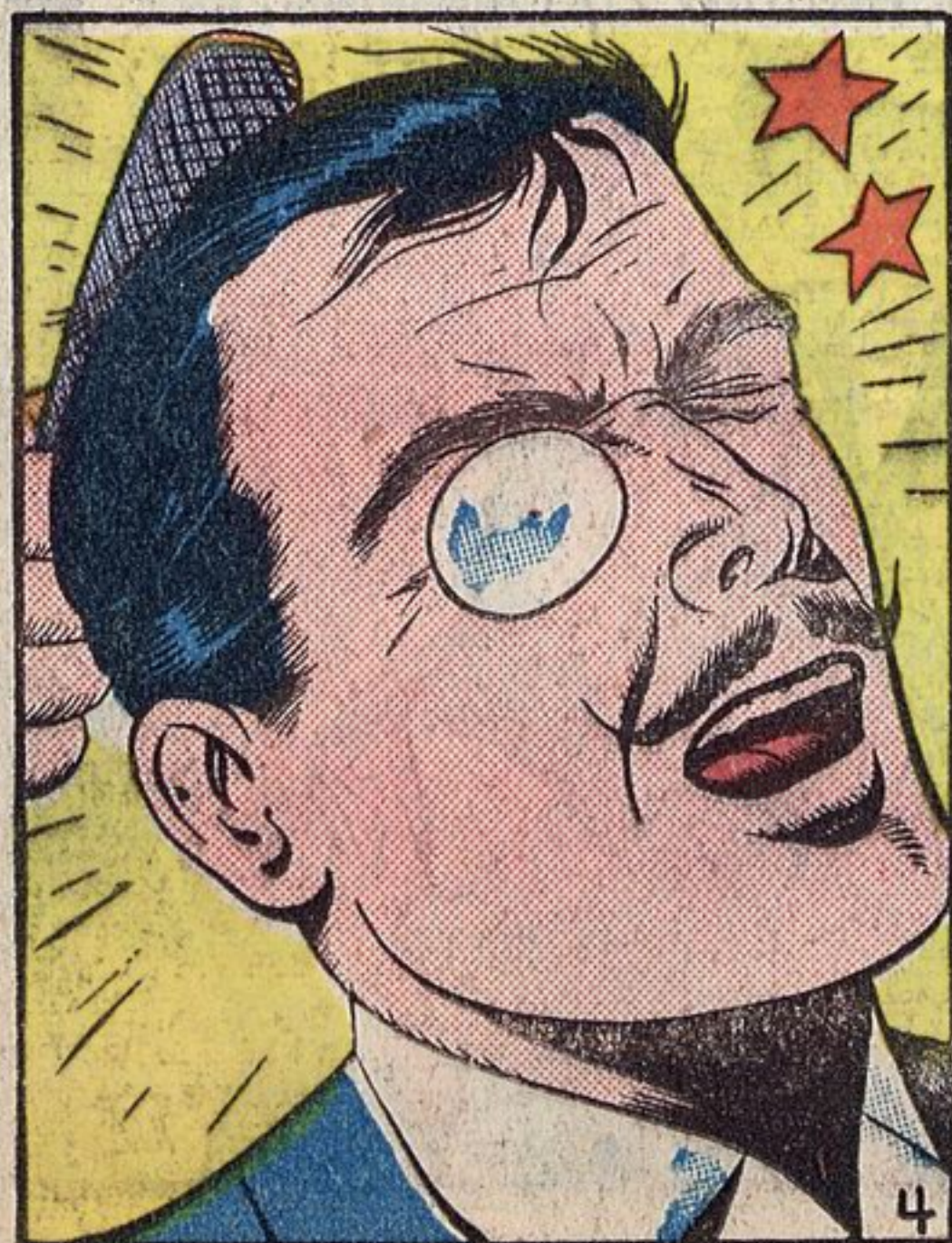


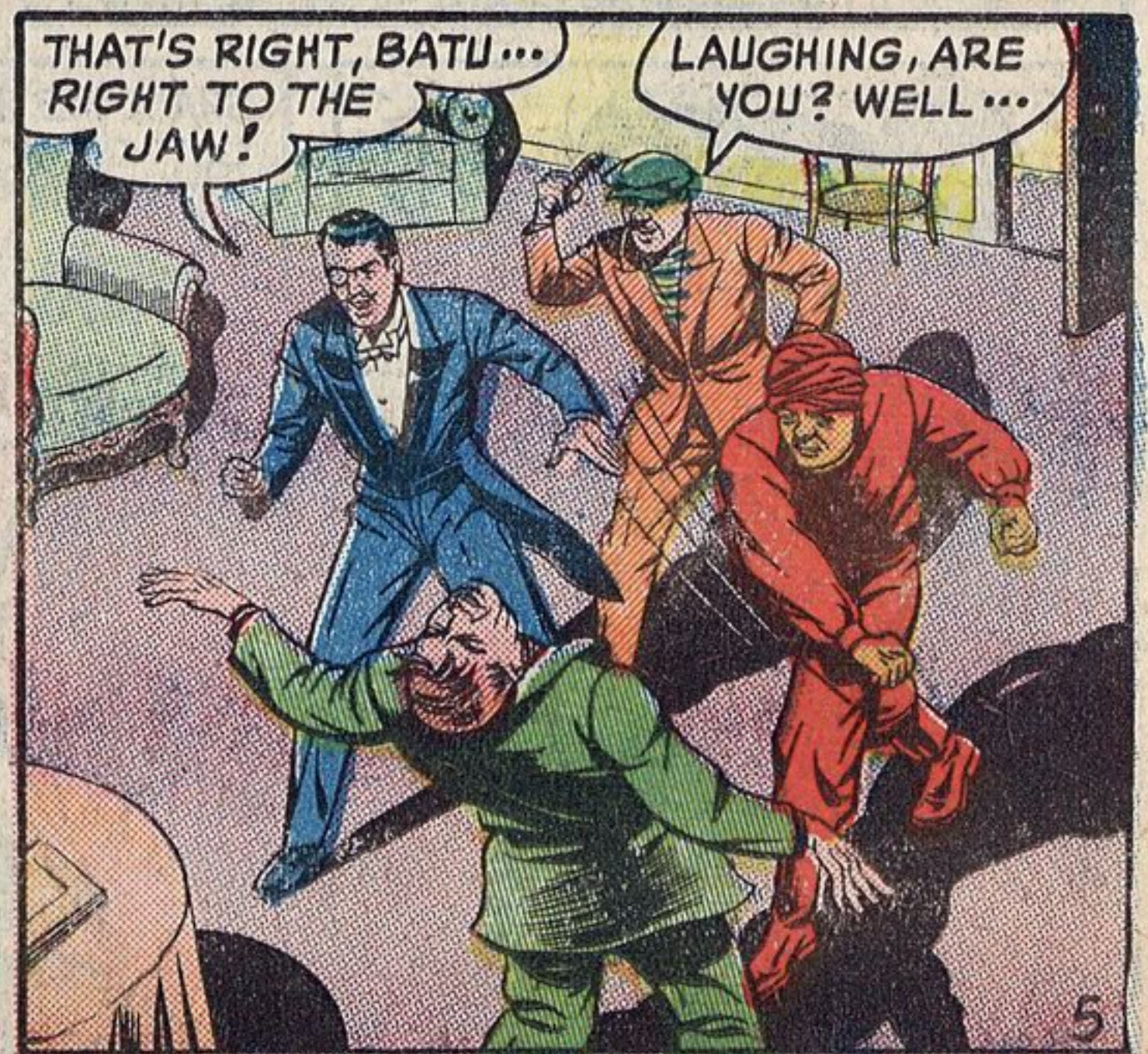
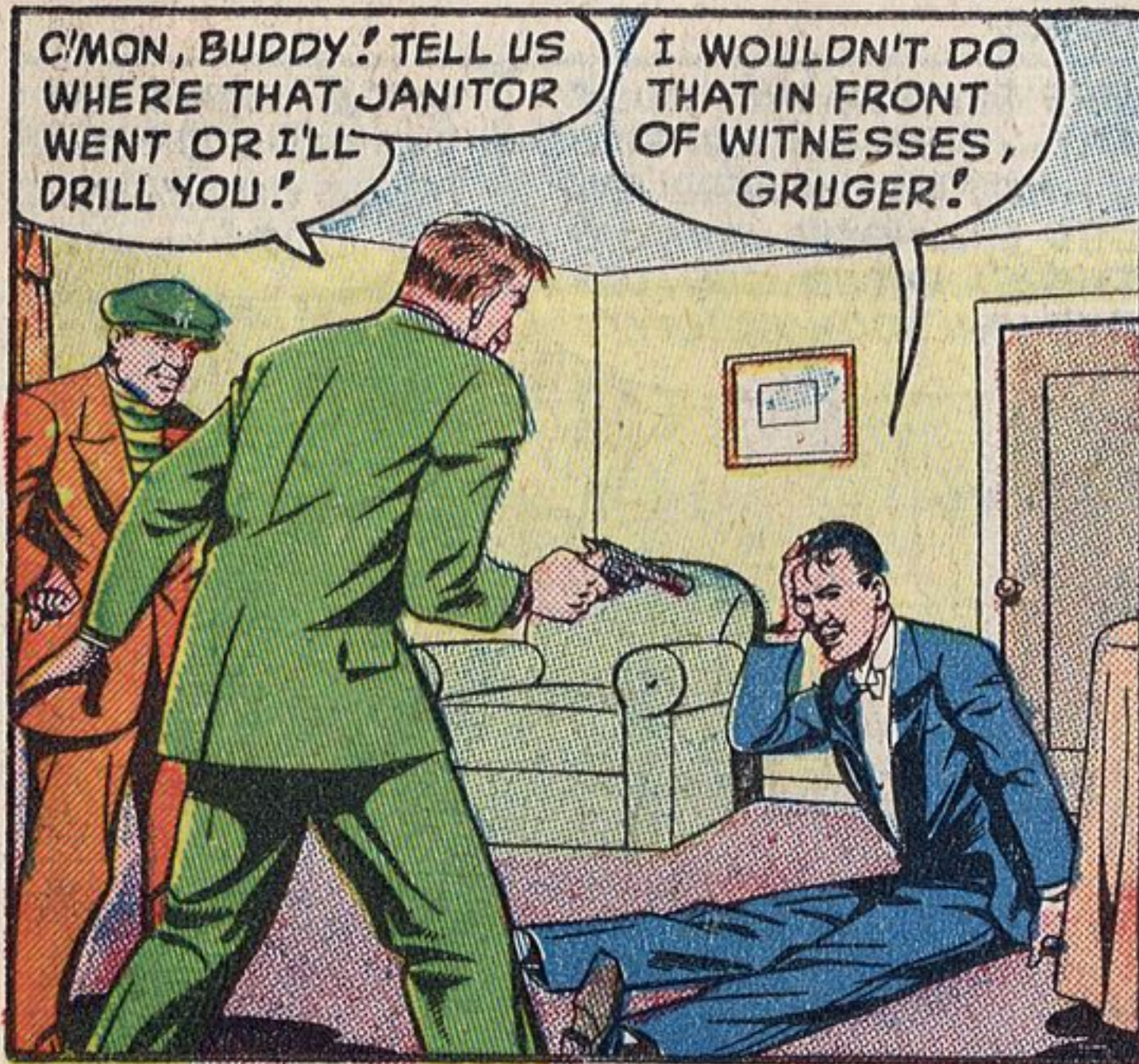
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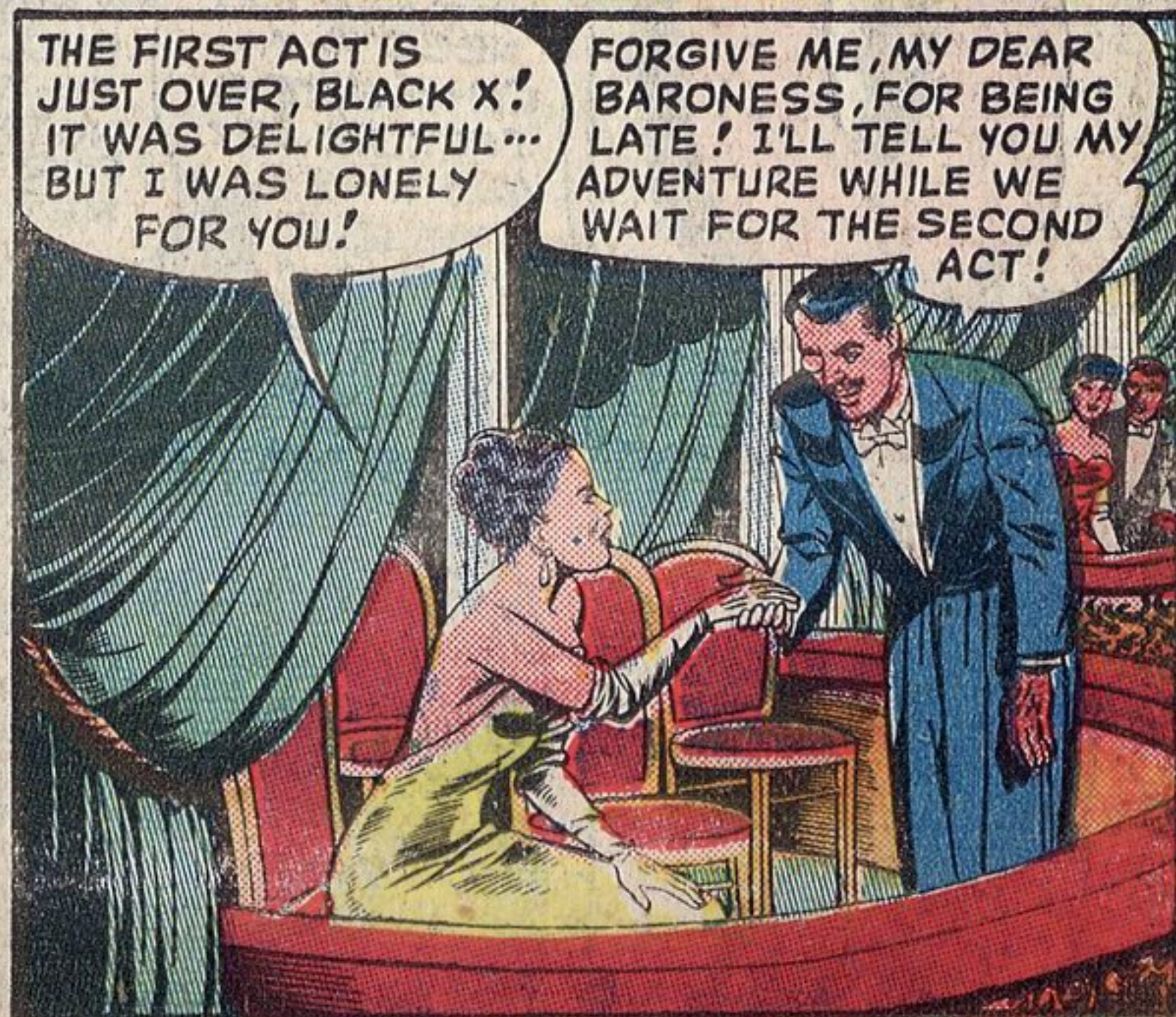
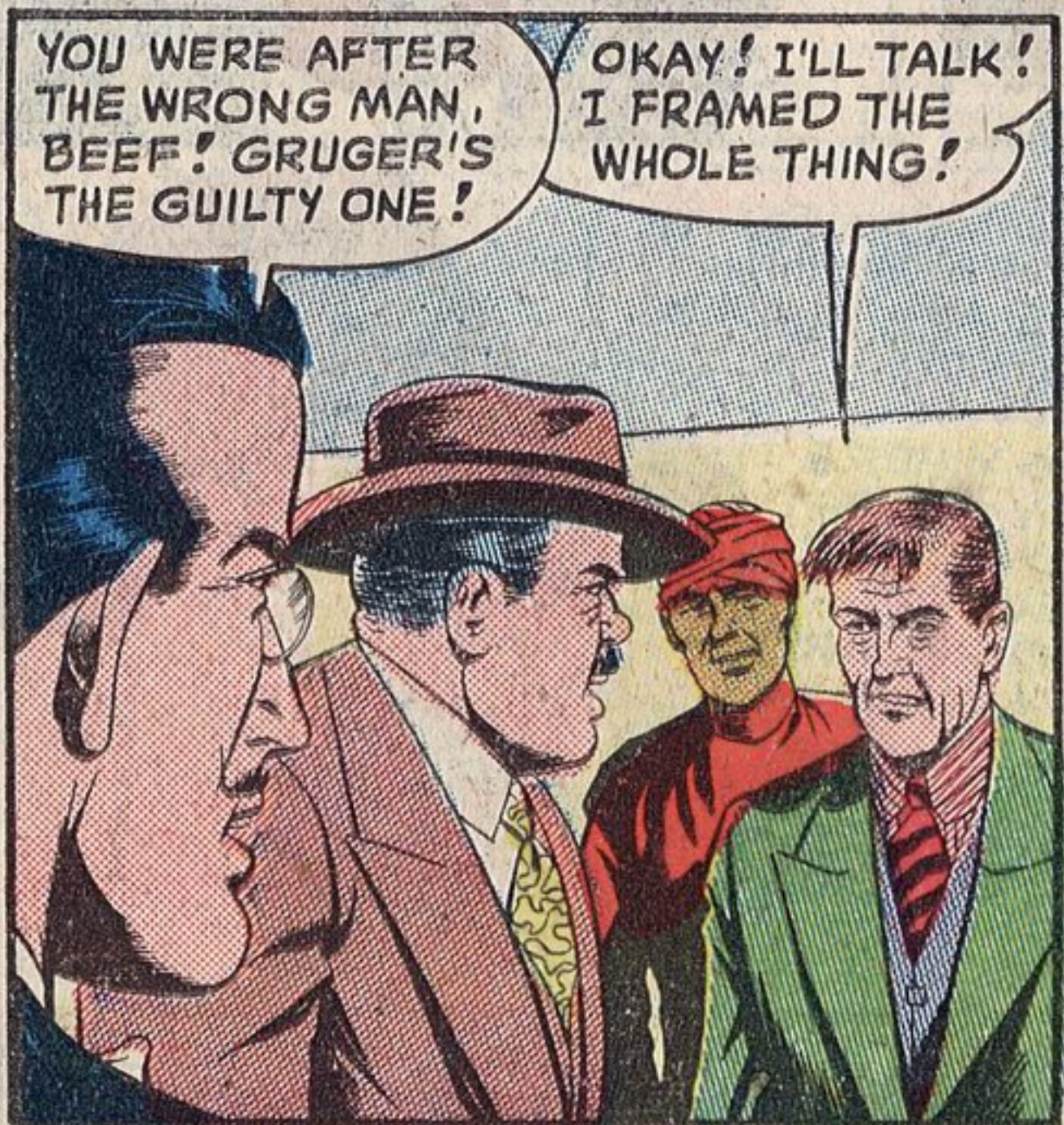












SMASH COMICS

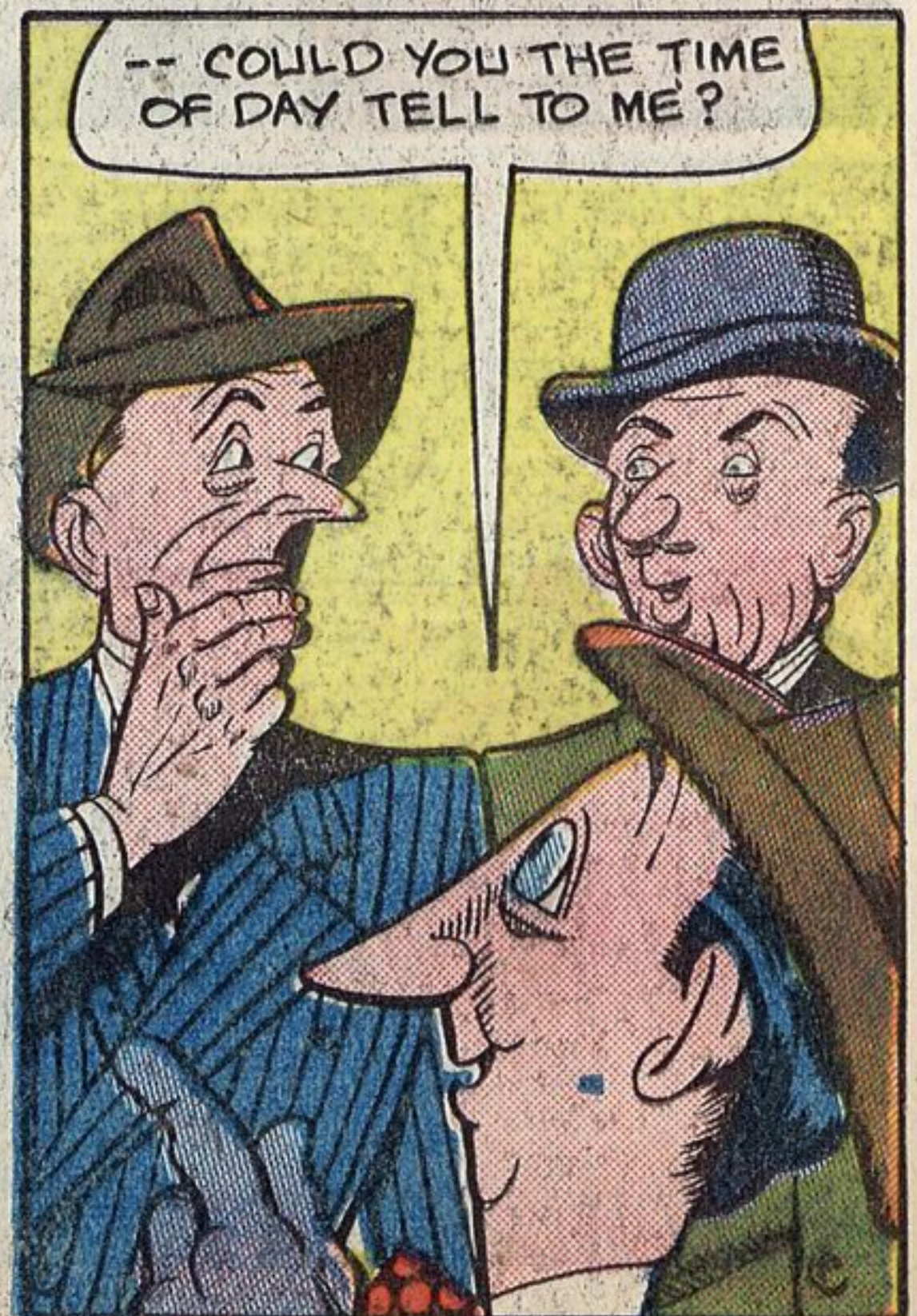
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LUCK

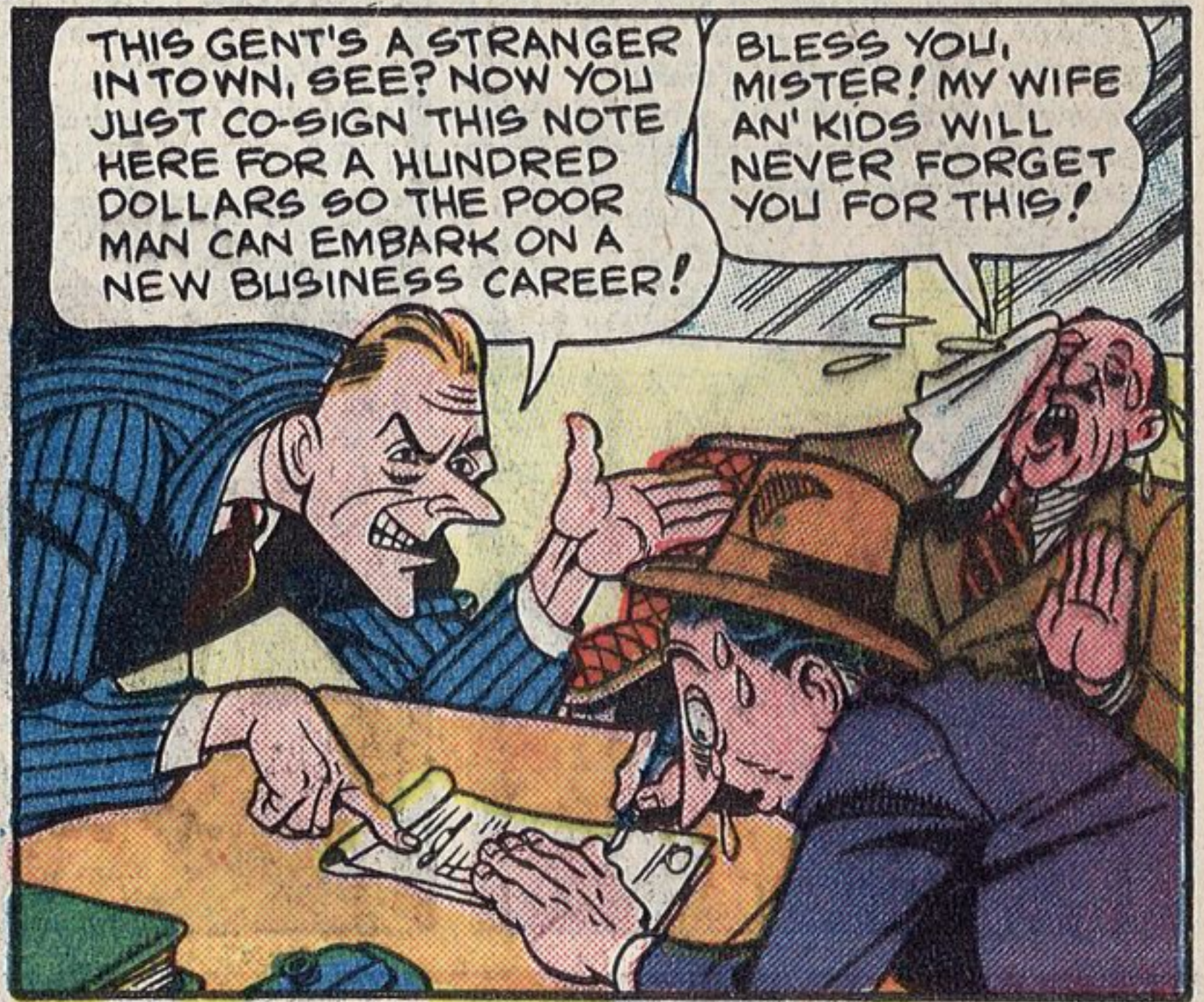
By
Klaus
Nordling



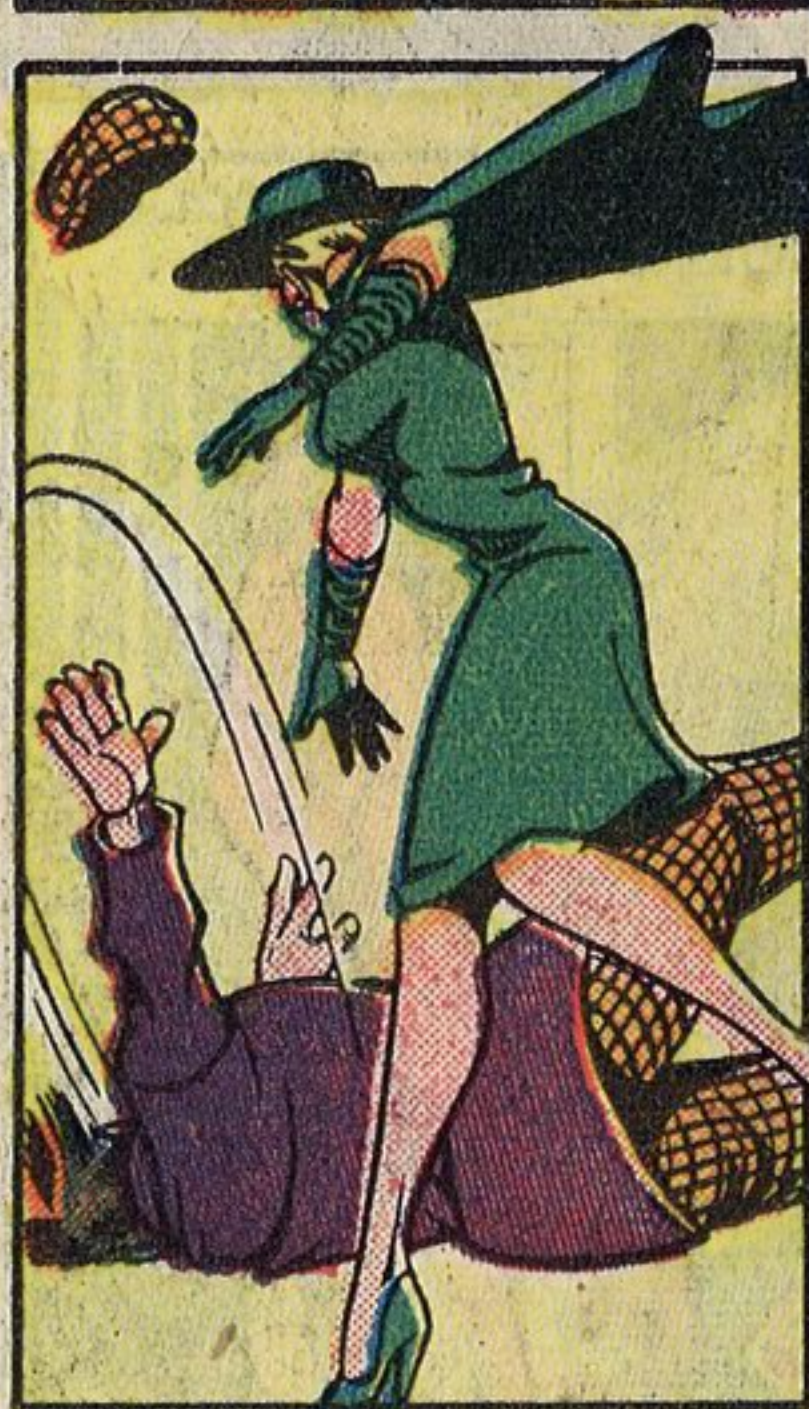
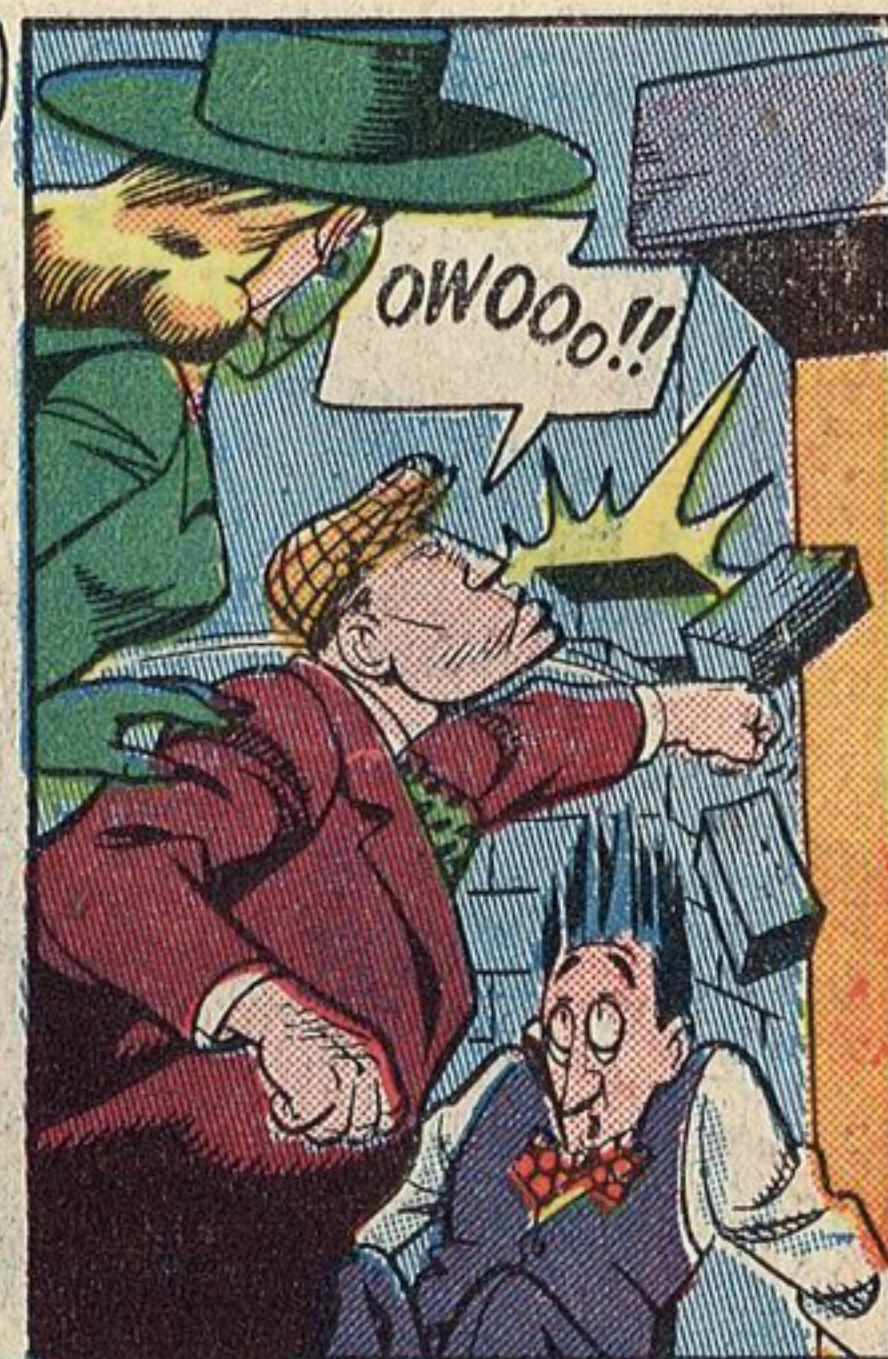
I'M FLAT, FLYWHEEL... WHERE'M I GONNA RAISE A HUNDRED SKINS?

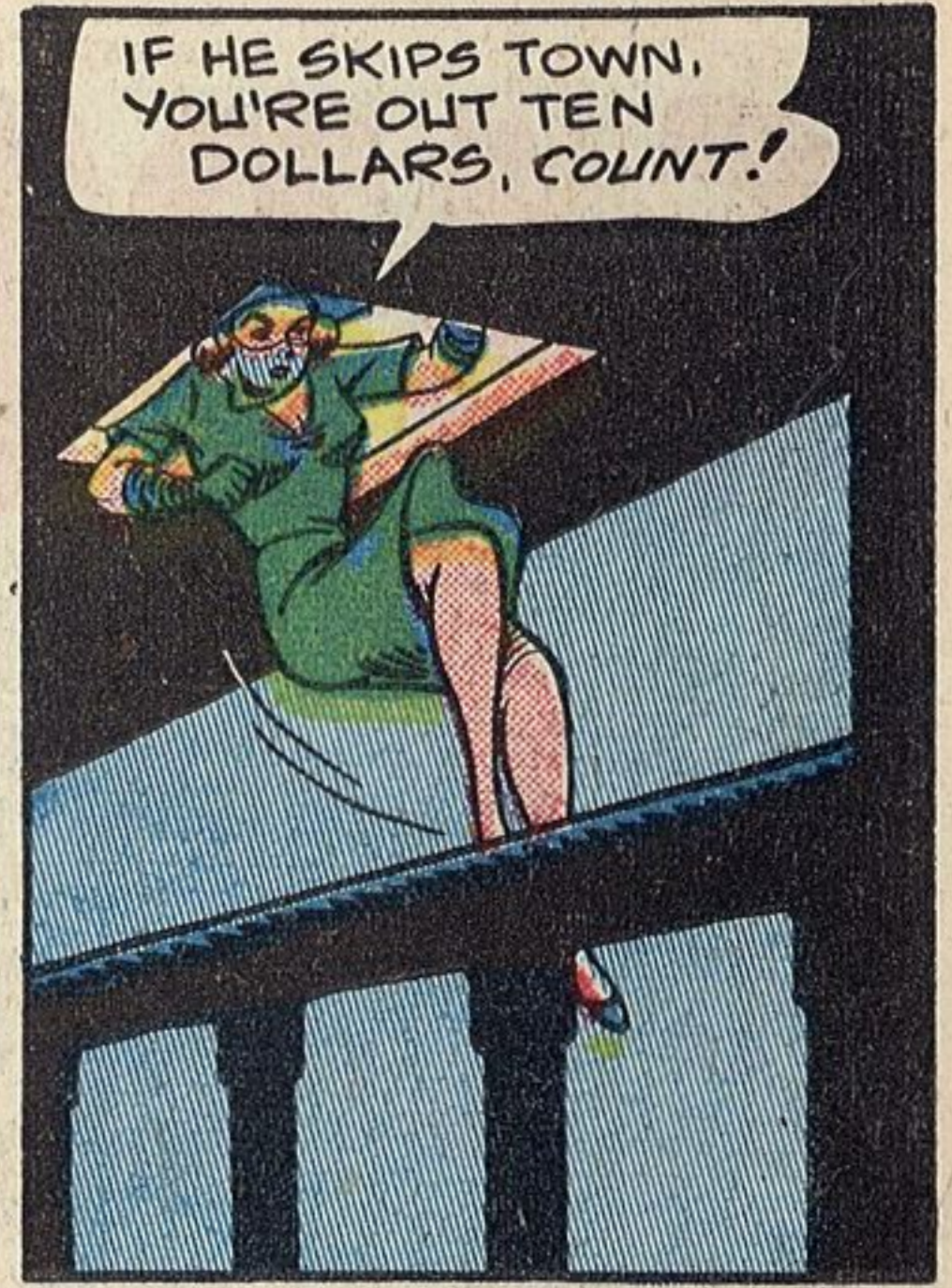
THAT'S WHERE MY NEW RACKET COMES IN.. I'M THE NEW VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SHARKFIN LOAN AGENCY....





SMASH COMICS





GABBY *makes a* HIT

WAY out in the left field bleachers a small figure sat hunched over a program, studying the lineup for the day's game between Hartwell and the home team. At first glance you'd have said it was a monkey. At second glance you would have known it was a monkey—in fact, it was none other than Gabby, the talking monkey.

Gabby was not alone very long. He was soon joined by a man with scraggly white hair and a flowing beard. It was Doc Wackey.

"Hi, Doc, what's been keepin' you?" said Gabby impertinently, drawing a bead on a bald head six rows in front with his slingshot and letting fly with a peanut.

"None of your business, you dope—and stop doing that, you'll have us arrested," was the Doc's angry reply.

"Oh this," said Gabby airily. "I can't get arrested for carrying a slingshot. Besides, peanuts can't hurt anyone anyway—have one?"

"No," said Doc grumpily. "The game's about to start and I want to watch."

The game started and went on, inning after inning, until at the end of the fifth the home club was behind by one run. But it was a big run because the Badgers just couldn't hit the Hartwell pitcher. However, in the home half of the sixth the score was tied by virtue of a tremendous homer hit by "Slugger" Botts, the siege gun of the local team. Then the rest of the lineup began to get the range, too. Joe Snoop, the second sacker, hit a bingle and was sacrificed to second. Gabby was so excited he couldn't contain himself and, unnoticed by Doc Wackey, moved down the aisle to a position atop the high wall in front of the bleachers.

The batter at that moment lofted a high hard smash which looked as though it might be a home run or, if the wind caught it, the last out. The opposing left fielder had turned and was loping easily toward the wall, confident that the ball could be caught. Whether he could have caught it or not will never be known, because just before he reached the wall, for some unaccountable reason, he doubled up with a cry of pain that could be heard in the bleachers, and the ball fell safely for a triple, scor-

ing the run that put the home team ahead.

From then on, the game was uneventful. Neither team scored and the home club ended up the victors. After it was over, Doc Wackey looked about for Gabby, realizing for the first time that he was not in his seat. However, he soon spied him rushing up the aisle and stepped out to meet him.

"C'mon," he said, "we've got to meet Dave Clark at the club house. He was the guest of the manager this afternoon and told us to meet him there."

When they got to the manager's office, Dave and he were discussing the game and particularly the peculiar action of the other team's left fielder.

"I can't understand it," said the manager. "Jones is a veteran—it appears to me as though he'd been hit by something coming from the bleachers."

Gabby, completely absorbed in the conversation, was unconsciously nodding his head in agreement. He stopped quickly, however, when he noticed Dave Clark studying him with suspicion.

Dave's next question was inevitable. "By the way, Gabby—where were you and Doc sitting this afternoon?"

With a vague wave of the paw, Gabby indicated the general direction of the ball park. "Oh, out there somewhere—"

"We were in the left field bleachers," Doc interrupted, "and say," he concluded, "come to think of it, Gabby was down on top of the wall when that regrettable incident occurred."

Dave Clark, scenting the breaking of the case, pressed his advantage.

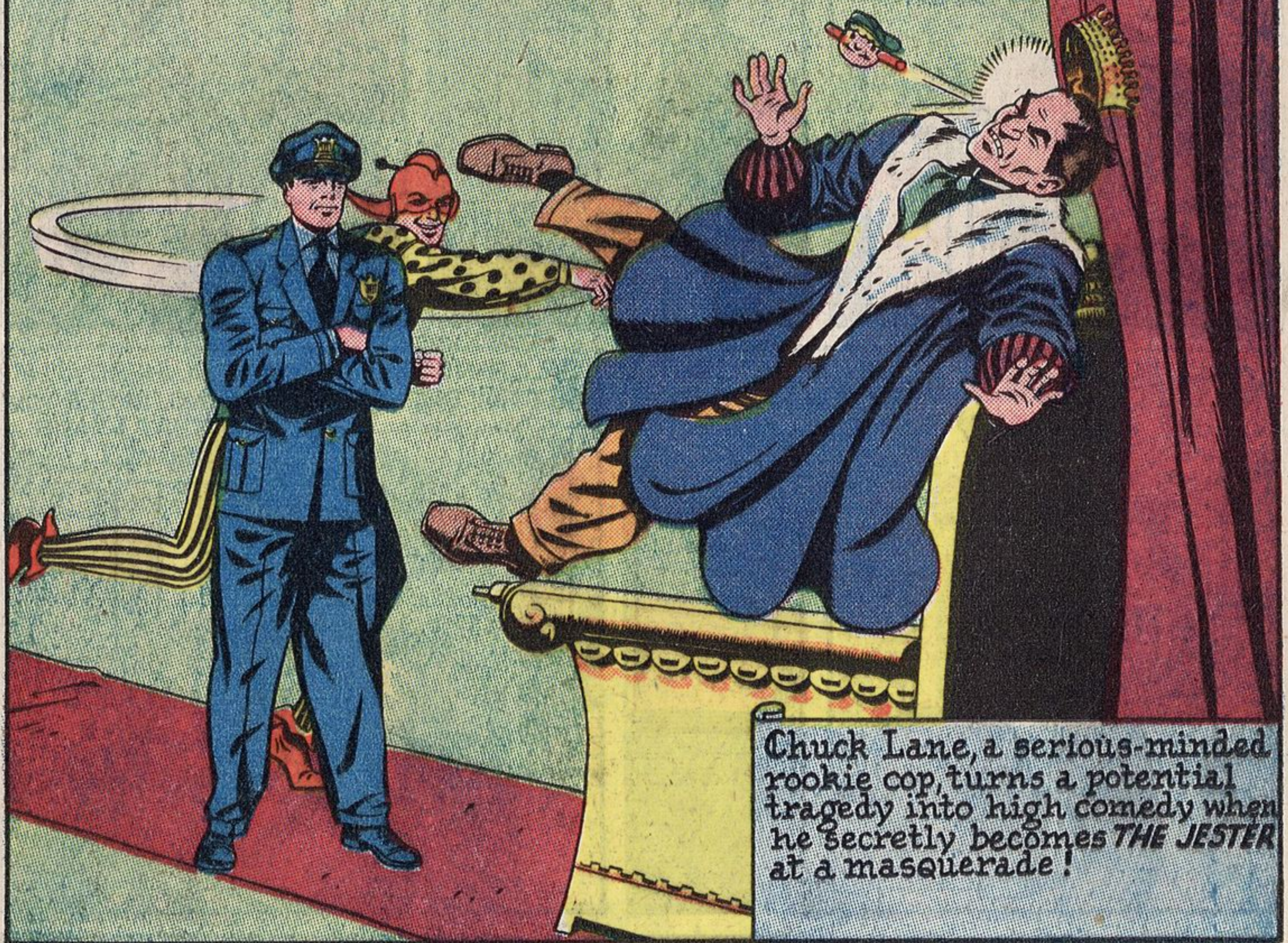
"Excuse me, Gabby," he said, "but is that a slingshot I see there?" He looked at the little fellow fixedly before continuing, "C'mon, you little monkey—if you've been up to any monkey business you'd better confess!"

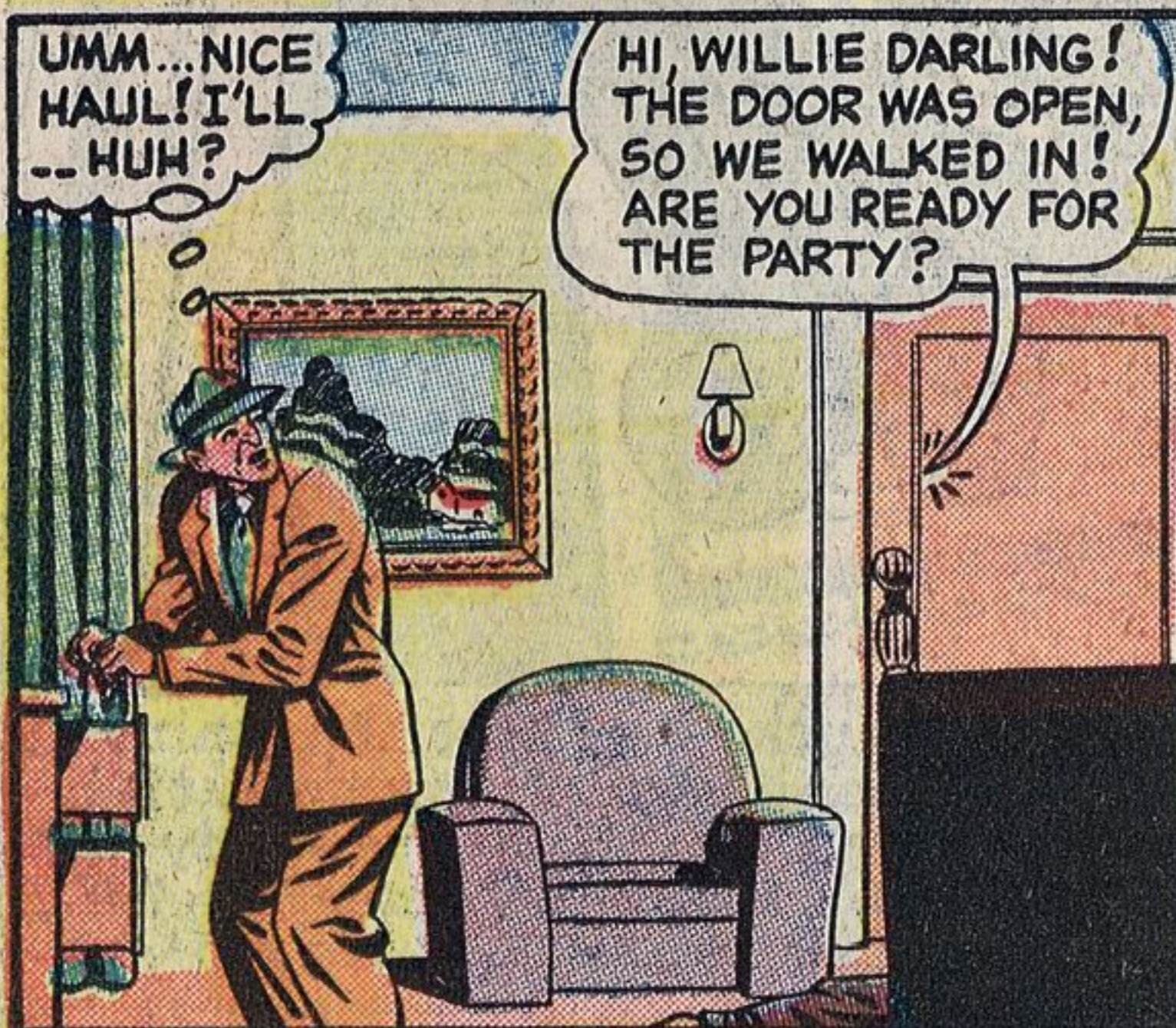
With a look of resignation on his bright little face, Gabby answered, "All right, I confess—but I don't see any harm in it! After all, it was only a peanut."

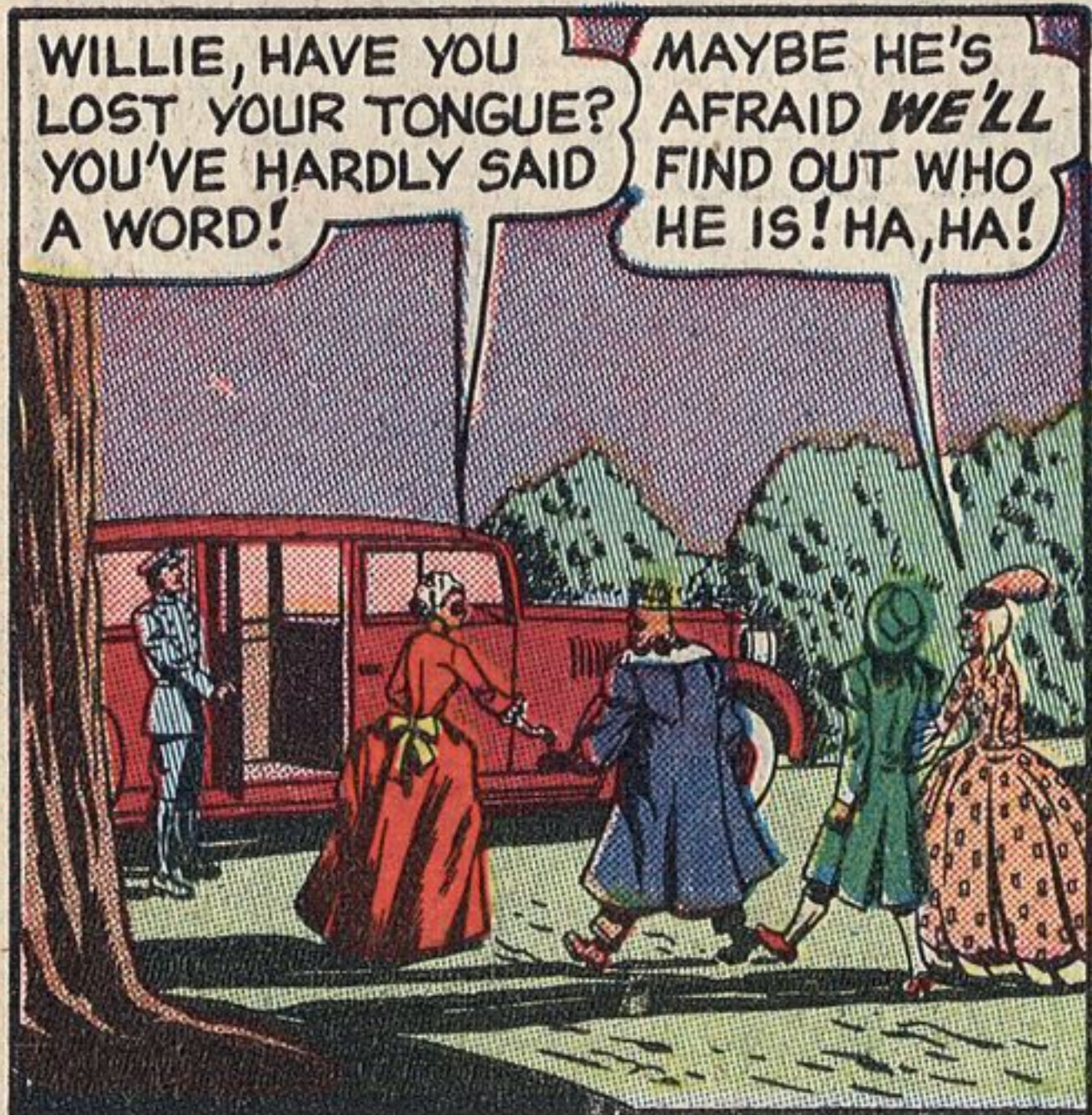
Dave looked at the monkey reprovingly.

"That's the last game for you for a long time, Gabby," he said sternly. "You've got to learn that it is just as important to play fair in the bleachers as it is on the field."

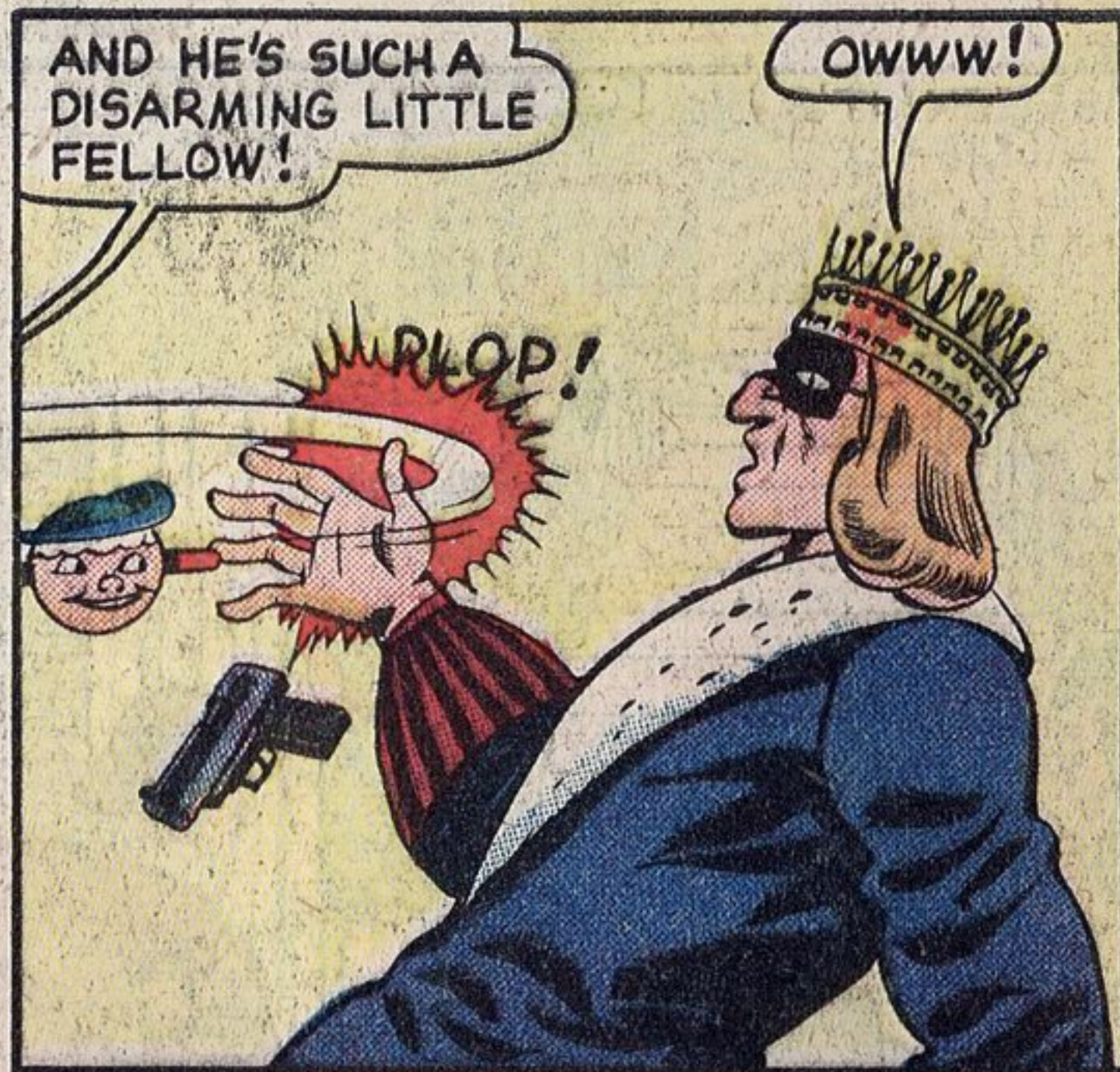
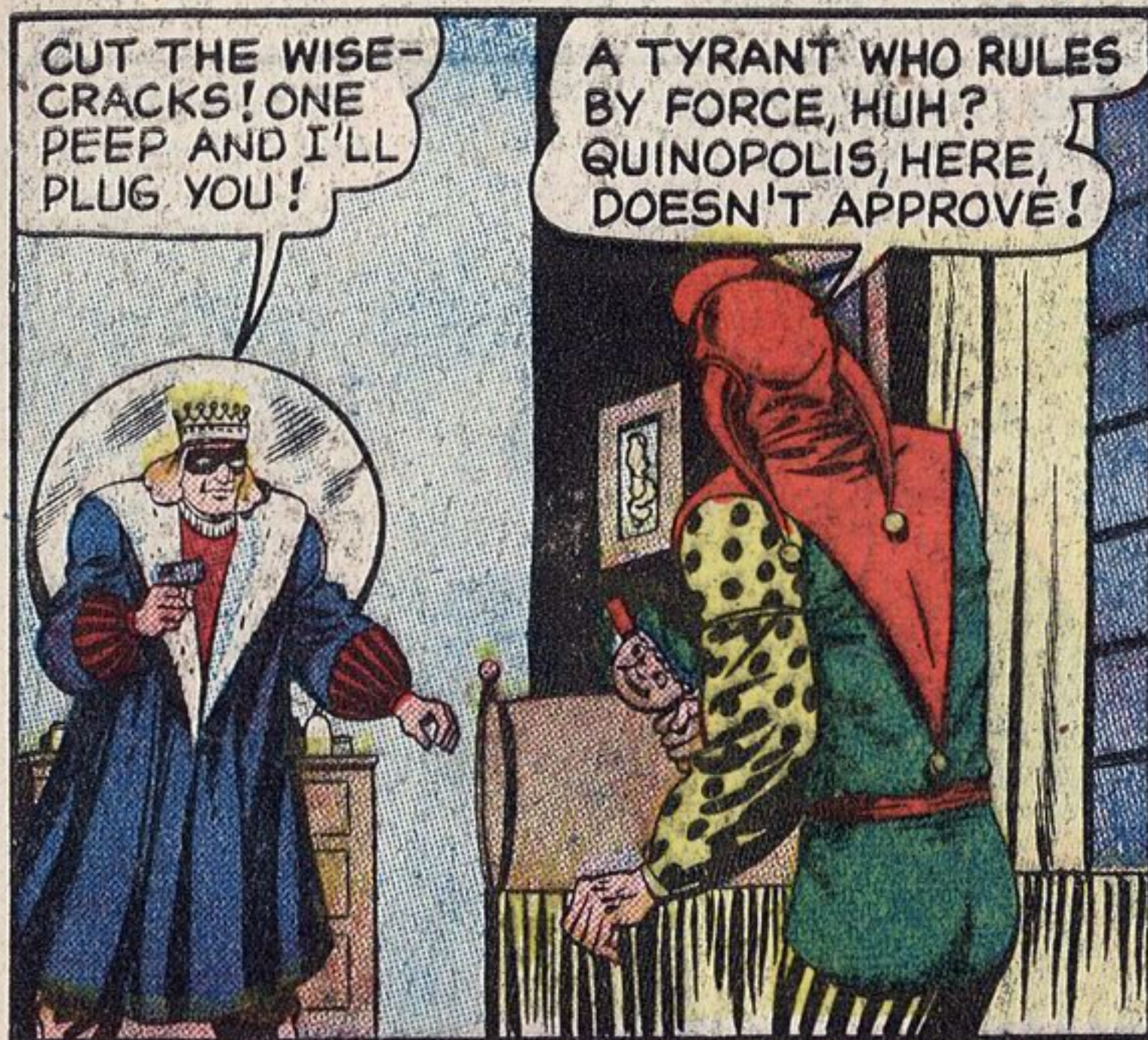
The JESTER

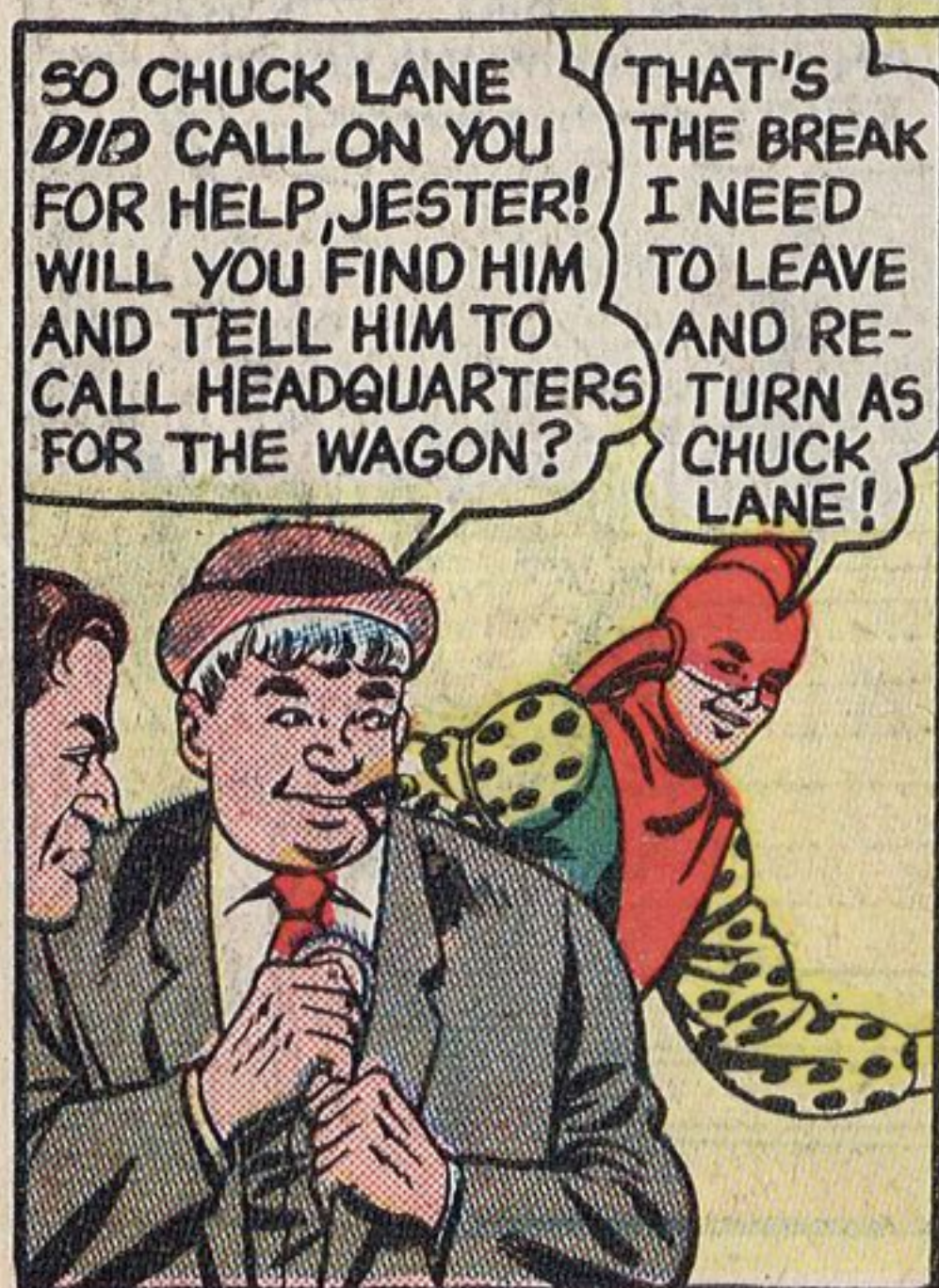










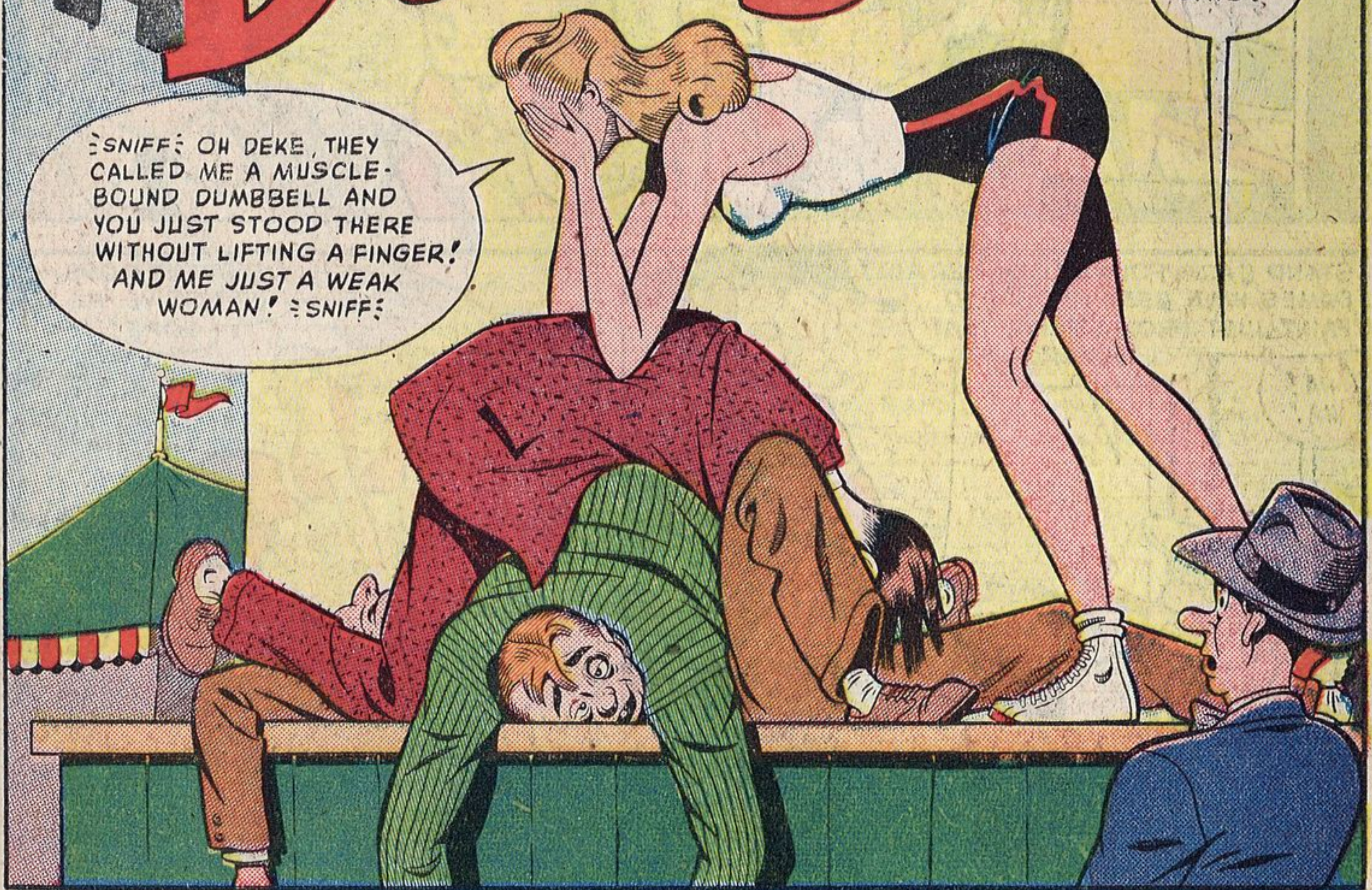


Daffy

-Bill Fox-

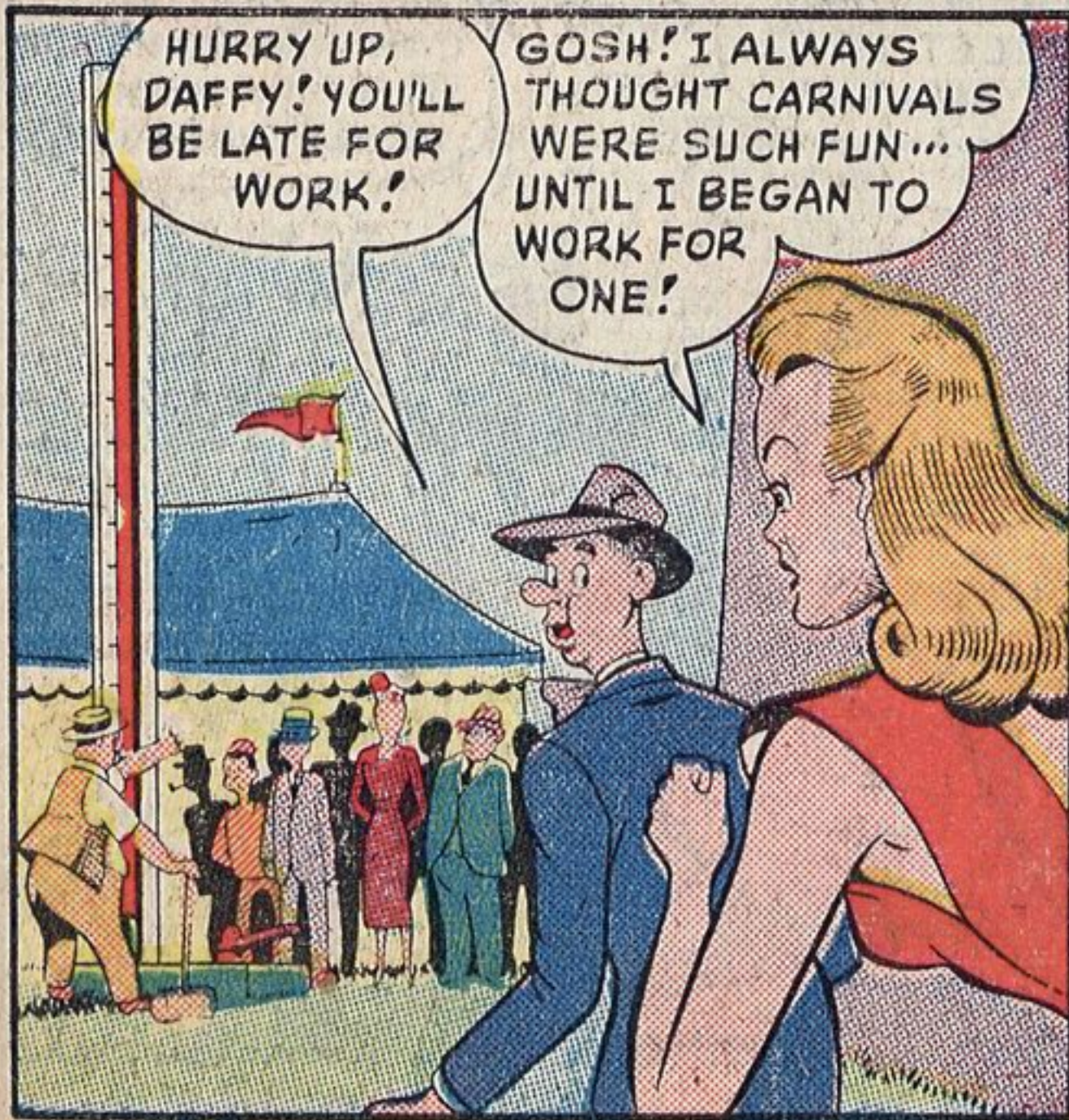
WEAK,
SHE
SAYS!

SNIFF! OH DEKE, THEY
CALLED ME A MUSCLE-
BOUND DUMBBELL AND
YOU JUST STOOD THERE
WITHOUT LIFTING A FINGER!
AND ME JUST A WEAK
WOMAN! SNIFF!



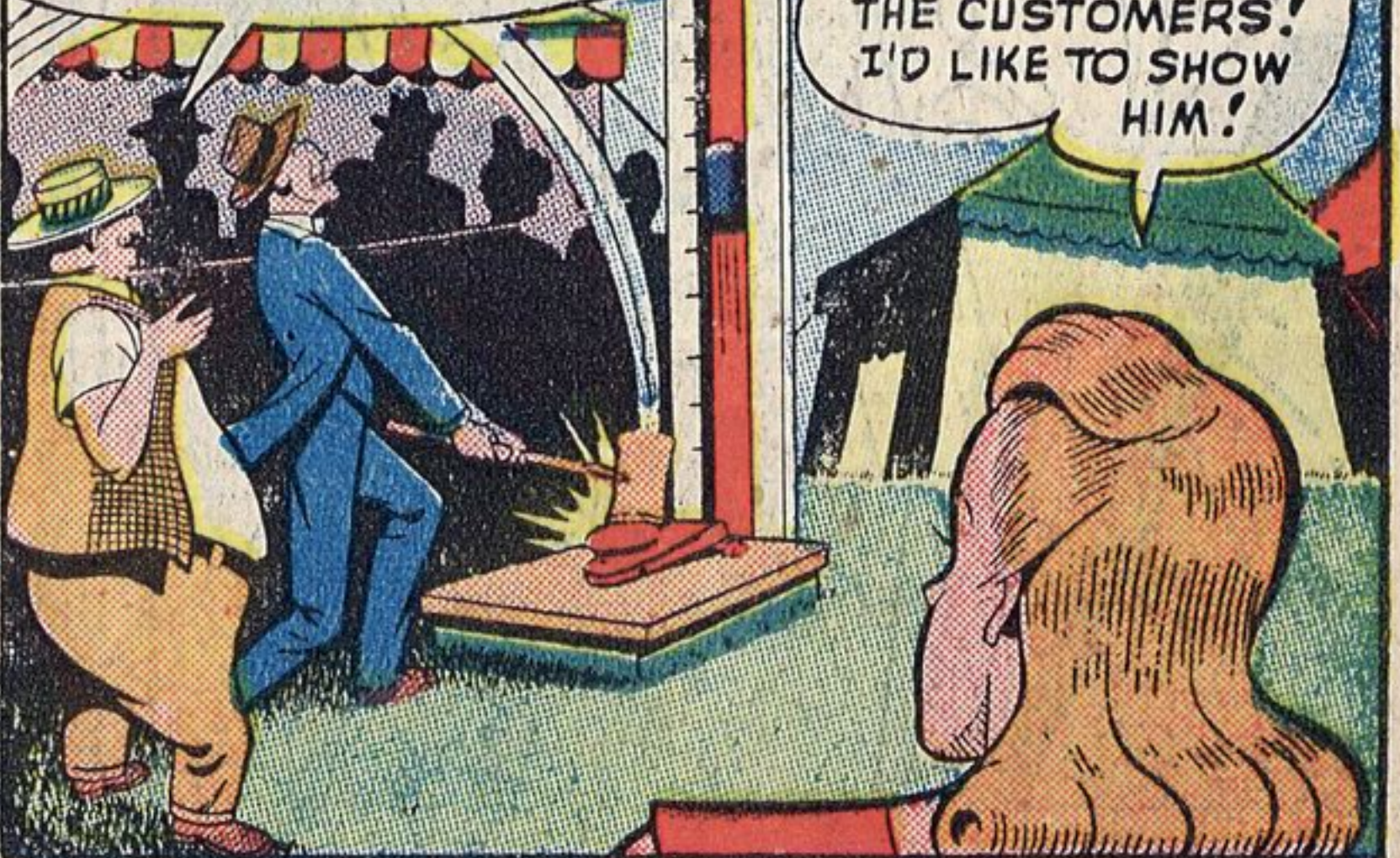
HURRY UP,
DAFFY! YOU'LL
BE LATE FOR
WORK!

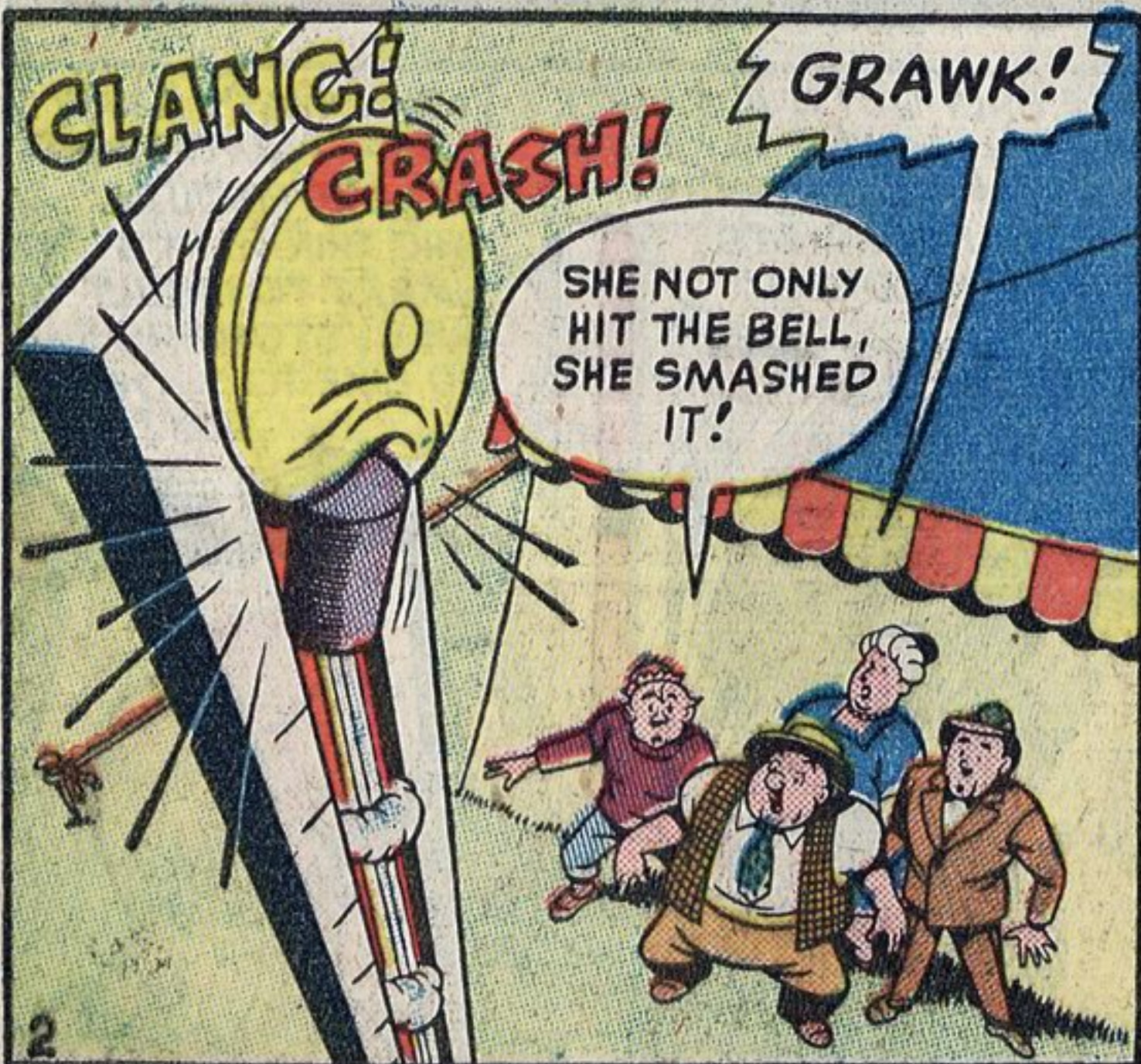
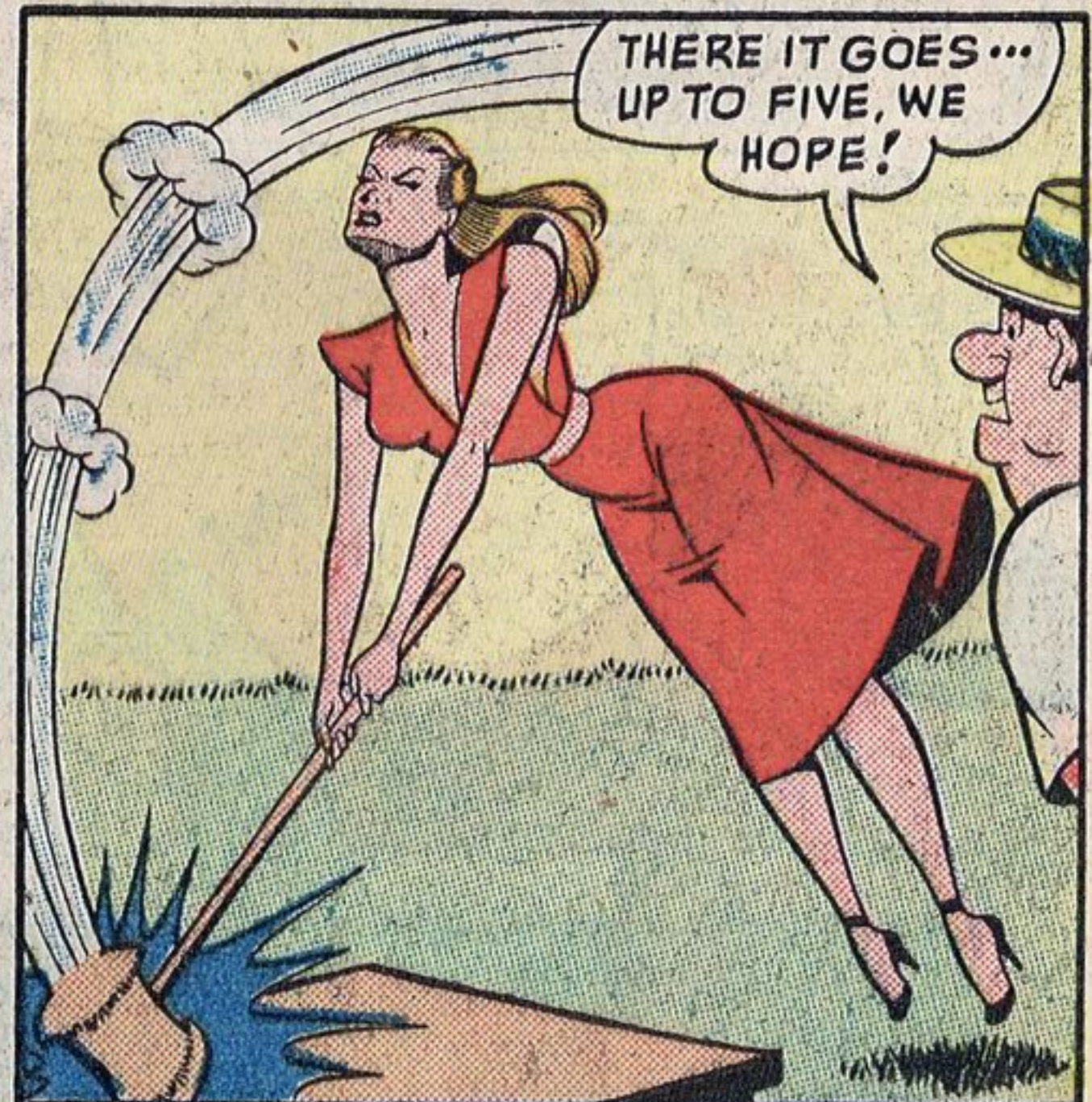
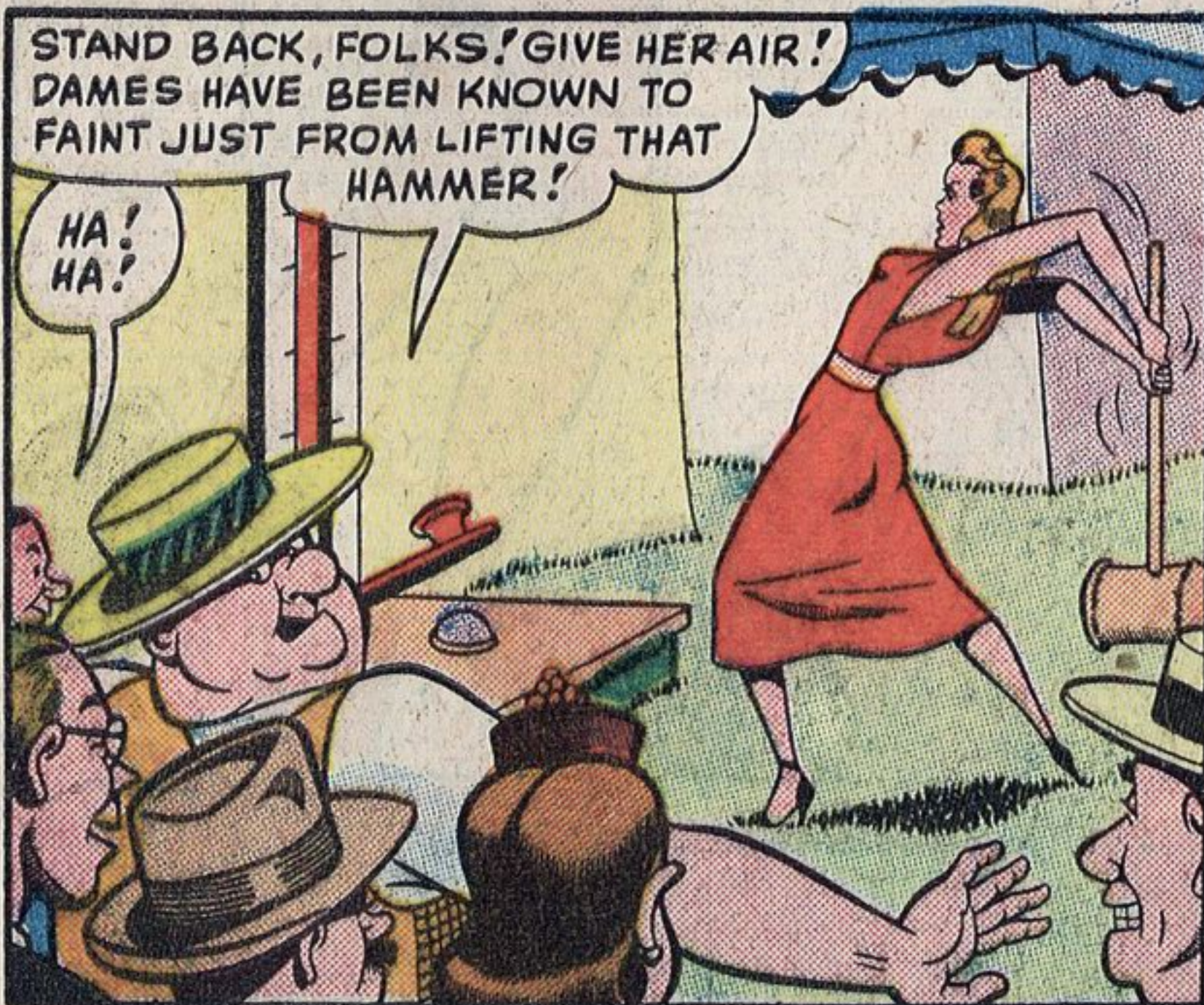
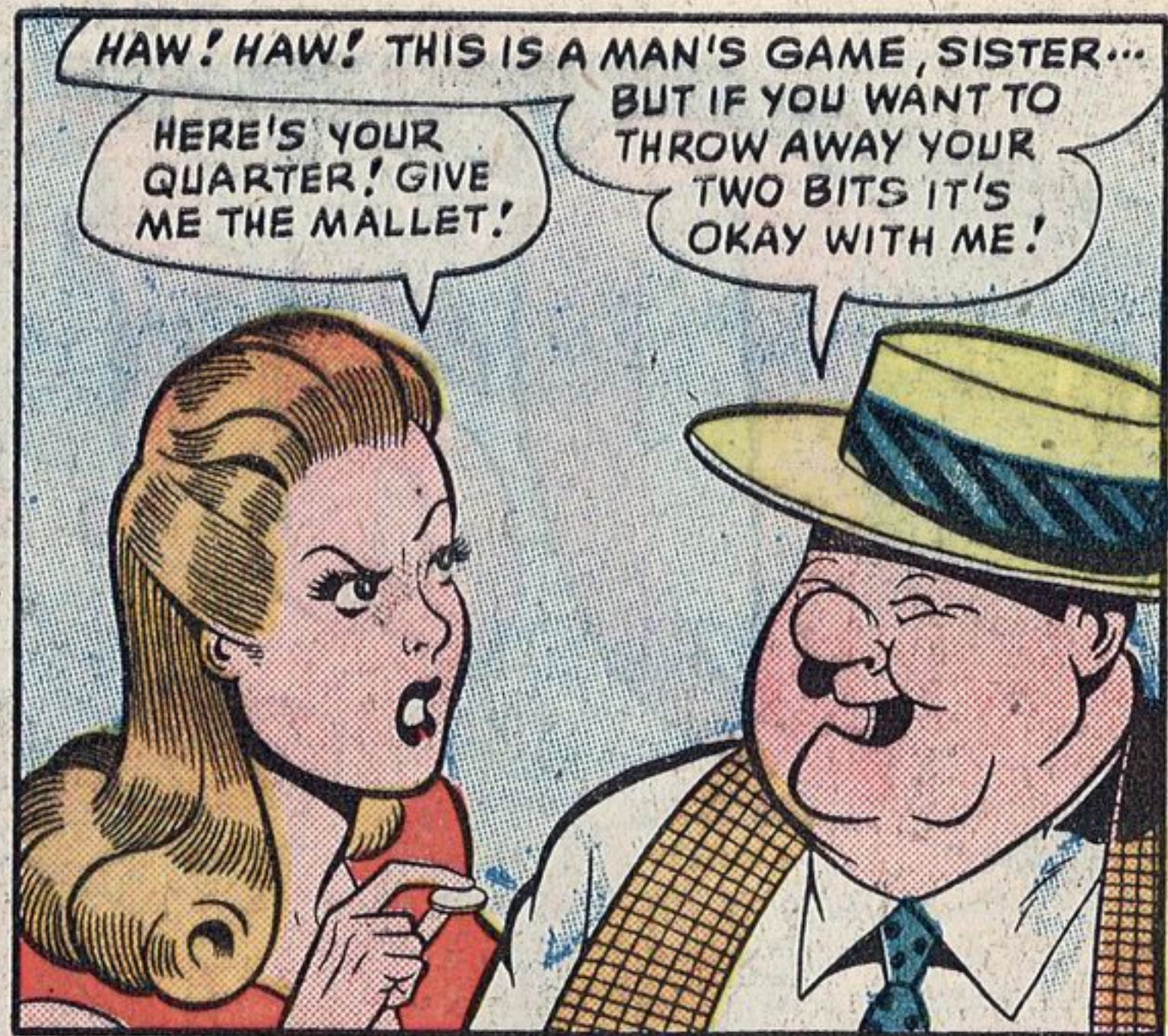
GOSH! I ALWAYS
THOUGHT CARNIVALS
WERE SUCH FUN...
UNTIL I BEGAN TO
WORK FOR
ONE!



NOPE! HE ONLY GOT IT A QUARTER
WAY UP! HEH! HEH! IT TAKES A
STRONG MAN TO RING THE
BELL! NO PANTYWAISTS,
WOMEN OR CHILDREN!

H'MM, THAT'S A NEW
MAN... AND THE KIND
OF LOUD-MOUTH
WHO THINKS IT'S
SMART TO INSULT
THE CUSTOMERS!
I'D LIKE TO SHOW
HIM!



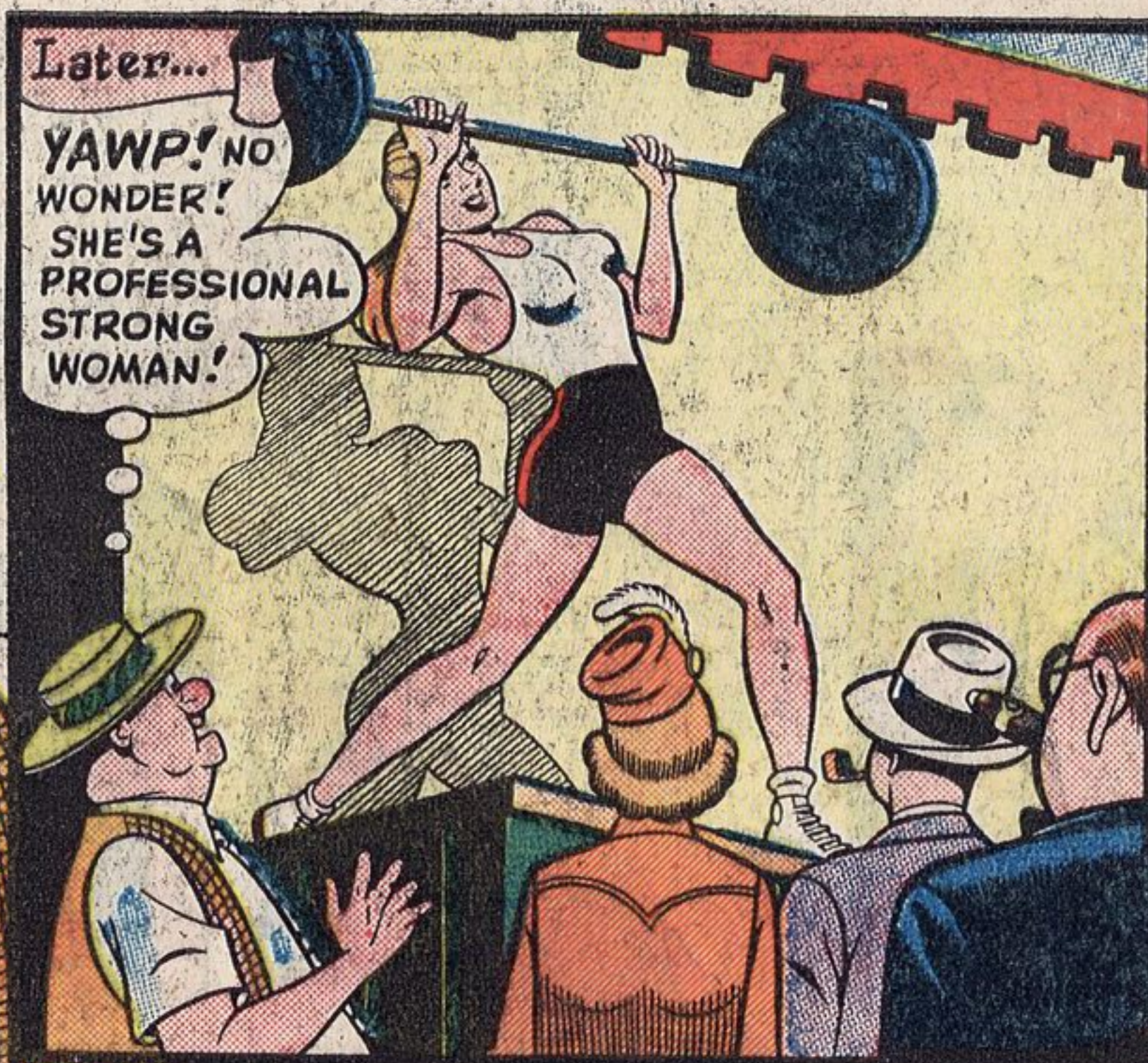


DRAT THAT DAME!
SHE RUINED MY
PITCH! EVERYBODY
WALKED OFF!



Later...

YAWP! NO
WONDER!
SHE'S A
PROFESSIONAL
STRONG
WOMAN!



I'VE GOT TO THINK
OF A WAY TO SHOW
HER HOW IT FEELS
TO HAVE YOUR ACT
RUINED! AH...I'VE
GOT IT!



That
night...



NICE OF HER TO LEAVE THE
WEIGHTS RIGHT HERE ALL
NIGHT! JUST A LITTLE OF
THIS CEMENT'LL DO! BY
THE TIME SHE DISCOVERS
WHAT'S HOLDING THE
WEIGHTS DOWN SHE'LL
HAVE NO AUDIENCE!

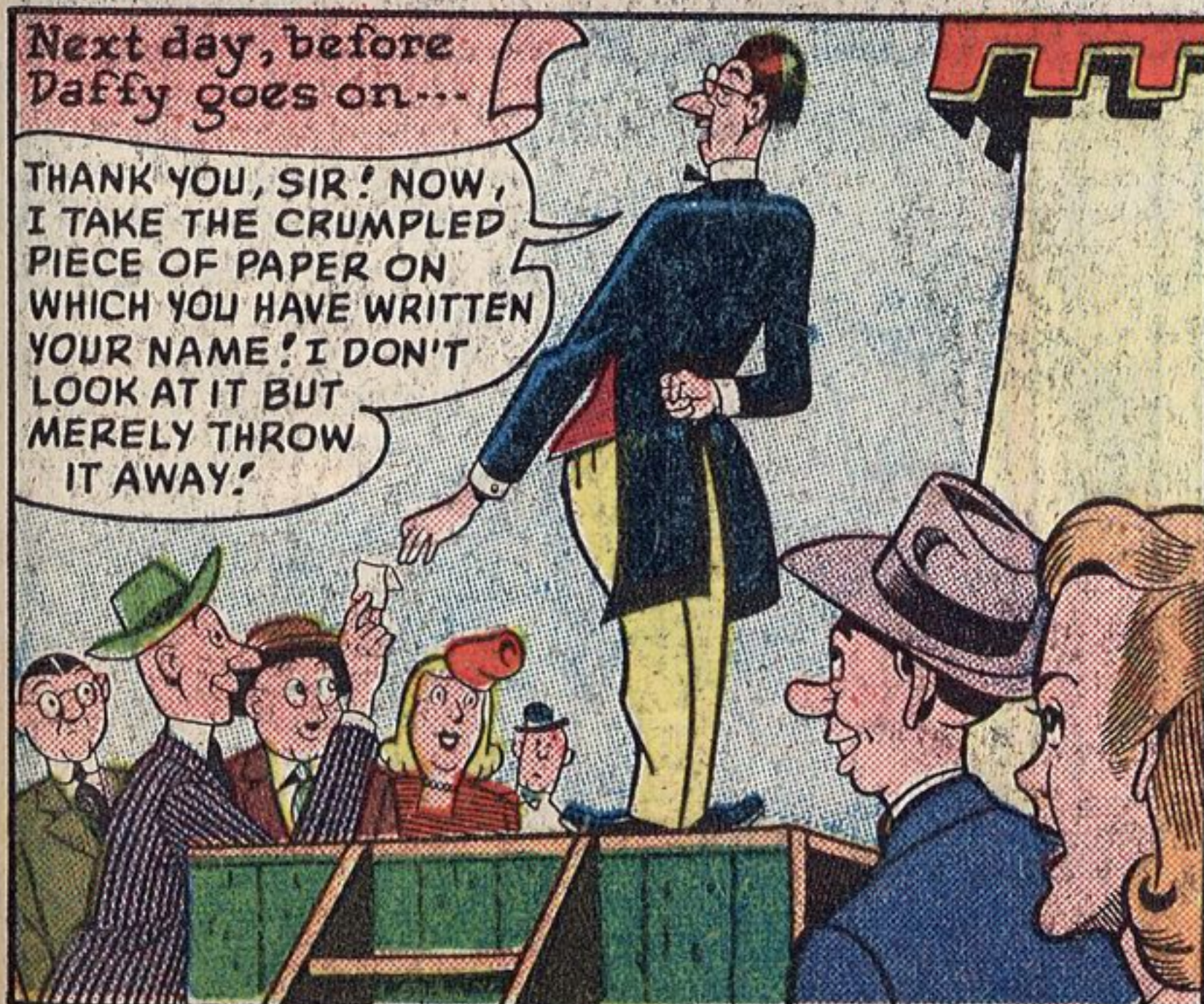


DOES HER STUFF TOMORROW BUT
THE STORY'LL BE ALMOST
AS GOOD SECOND
HAND!



Next day, before
Daffy goes on...

THANK YOU, SIR! NOW,
I TAKE THE CRUMPLED
PIECE OF PAPER ON
WHICH YOU HAVE WRITTEN
YOUR NAME! I DON'T
LOOK AT IT BUT
MERELY THROW
IT AWAY!



DEKE, HOW'S HE GOING TO
KNOW THE MAN'S NAME
WITHOUT LOOKING AT THE
PAPER? CAN HE REALLY
READ MINDS?

NONSENSE!
WATCH!



SMASH COMICS

GET IT? THE STOOGEE PICKS UP THE PAPER, COPIES THE NAME AND LETS THE MIND READER SEE IT ON THE BIG SLATE! IT'S OLD BUT IT STILL WORKS!

THE NAME IS JOHN BROWN! AM I RIGHT?

RIGHT AS RAIN!

AH, WHAT SUCKERS THESE MORTALS BE! YOU'RE ON NOW, DAFFY!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, FOLKS! YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE THE LITTLE LADY PICK UP THESE WEIGHTS TOTALLING A THOUSAND POUNDS!

GULP! SOMETHING'S WRONG! I CAN'T LIFT THEM!

LOOKS LIKE SHE NEEDS MORE VITAMINS! HA! HA!

MADE IT!

LOOK! THAT MIND READER WAS A FAKE! THAT GUY HAD THE FELLER'S NAME ON THE SLATE AND LET THE MIND READER SEE IT!

LET'S GET THE PHONIES!

WAIT, FOLKS! THEIR ACT DIDN'T HURT ANYBODY! I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANYTHING YOU MIGHT DO TO THEM!

DOGGONE! I JUST CAN'T BEAT THAT DAME! INSTEAD OF WALKING OUT ON HER, THE AUDIENCE LIKES HER SO MUCH THEY'RE FOLLOWING HER!

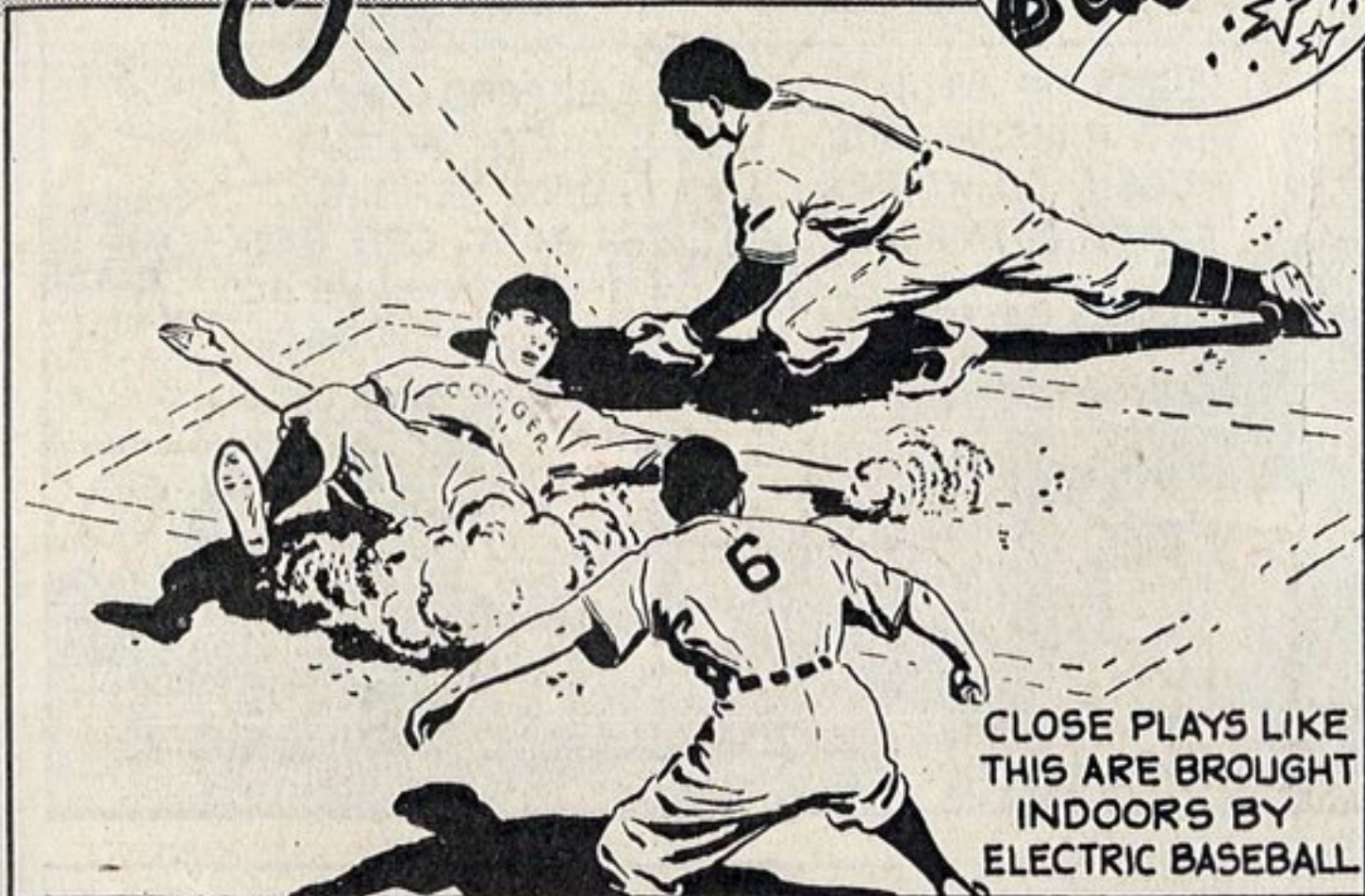
BOYS! here's great news!

ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns OUTDOOR action
into INDOOR thrills

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

IT'S A
FENCE
BUSTER



CLOSE PLAYS LIKE
THIS ARE BROUGHT
INDOORS BY
ELECTRIC BASEBALL



IT'S TOO BAD WE
HAD TO CALL THE
GAME BECAUSE
OF DARKNESS!

OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT
US HERE! NOW ADMIT
YOU WERE KIDDING,
WHEN YOU SAID WE'D
FINISH THE
GAME IN
YOUR HOME!

NOT AT ALL! WE CAN
CONTINUE THE PLAY
ON THIS ELECTRIC
BASEBALL GAME!

SAY,
THAT LOOKS
SHARP! LET'S
PLAY!



MAN ON 2ND AND 3RD--
A HIT MEANS TWO RUNS
IF YOU'RE FAST ON THE
TRIGGER BAT,
YOU'LL WIN!

STRIKE
HIM OUT,
TOM!

I WANT TO PLAY THE
WINNER! THAT'S THE
BEST LOOKING GAME
I'VE SEEN!

WATCH MY
FAST BALL!

YOU HAVE TO "SWING"
THE BAT AT THE RIGHT
SPLIT SECOND AND
KEEP TRACK OF
STRIKES, BALLS,
HITS, OUTS, RUNS,
INNINGS, ETC!

SCIENTIFIC, YET
AS EXCITING AS
CAN BE!

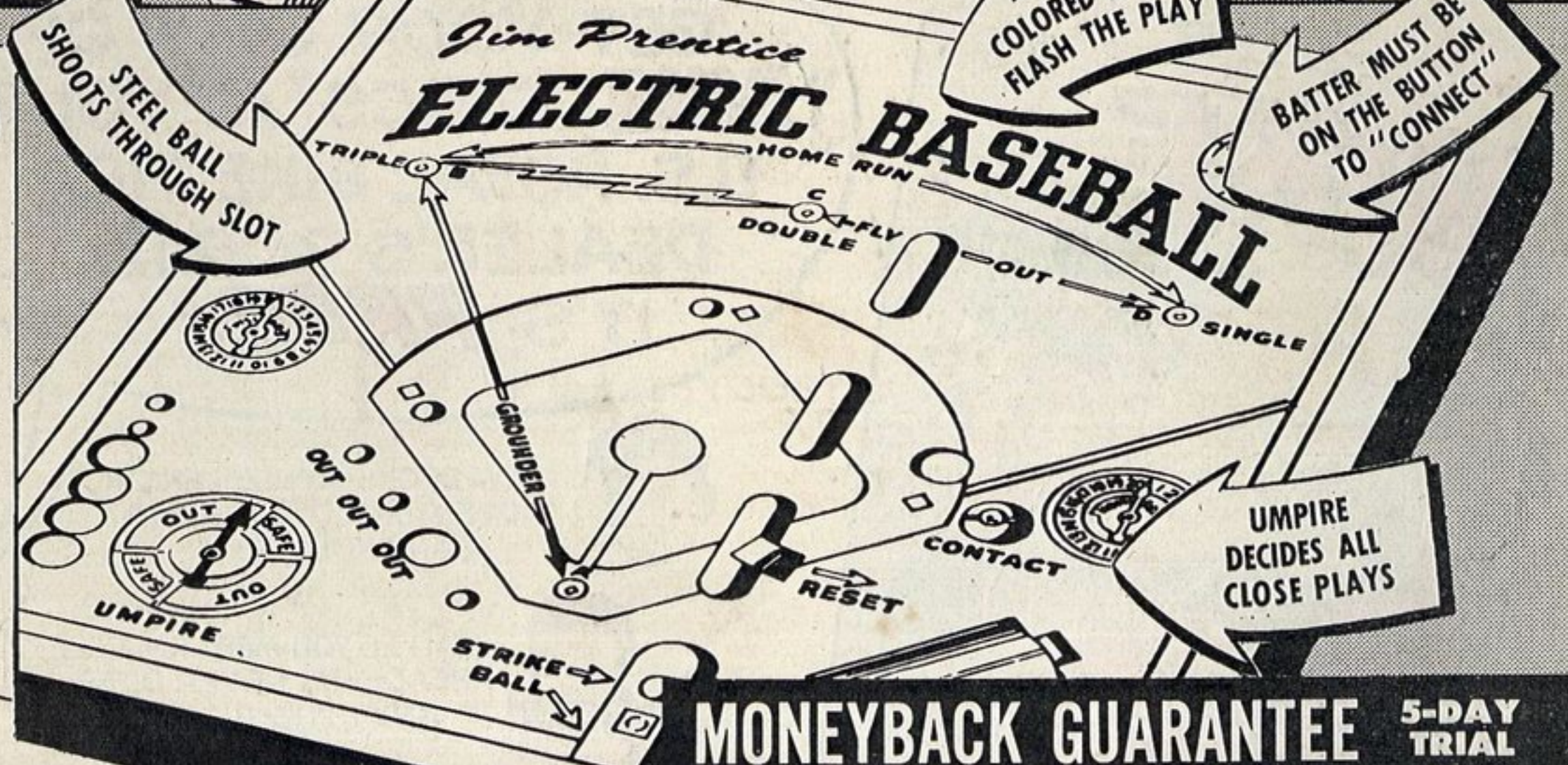
PLAY BALL--
I'M ALL
SET!



SPECIAL \$3
if you act fast

The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$3. Hurry — send for your game — right now. Games come complete with long-life battery, tested miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 16 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the mechanical bat, topped by the colorful water repellent playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE . . .
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE
5 DAYS' TRIAL.



Hi, FELLERS!

Get busy. Be first to own this famous Electric Baseball Game. Have your chums over for some fun. **REAL FUN** — for the electric lights and trigger bat capture the excitement of big league baseball, play by play. Lamps flash as the ball smashes into the "electric brain". Good baseball sense helps to win. You'll learn smart baseball easily. The more you play, the more you'll want to play. Produced by the makers of the "World's biggest selling Baseball and Football games, because they are Electric". Endorsed by parents, famous coaches, sports writers and boys who love baseball.

**ELECTRIC GAME CO. 94 Front Street
HOLYOKE, MASS.**

act fast

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94 Front St. Holyoke, Mass.

Amount Enclosed

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VARSITY MODELS

☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00
☐ Electric Football \$3.00

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☐ Electric Baseball \$10
☐ Electric Football \$10

CASH or C.O.D.

☐ Full payment with order — no collections
☐ Send \$1 deposit. C.O.D. Postman collects balance.
All Games Postpaid

The world's
No. 1 gift

"U.S." ROYAL

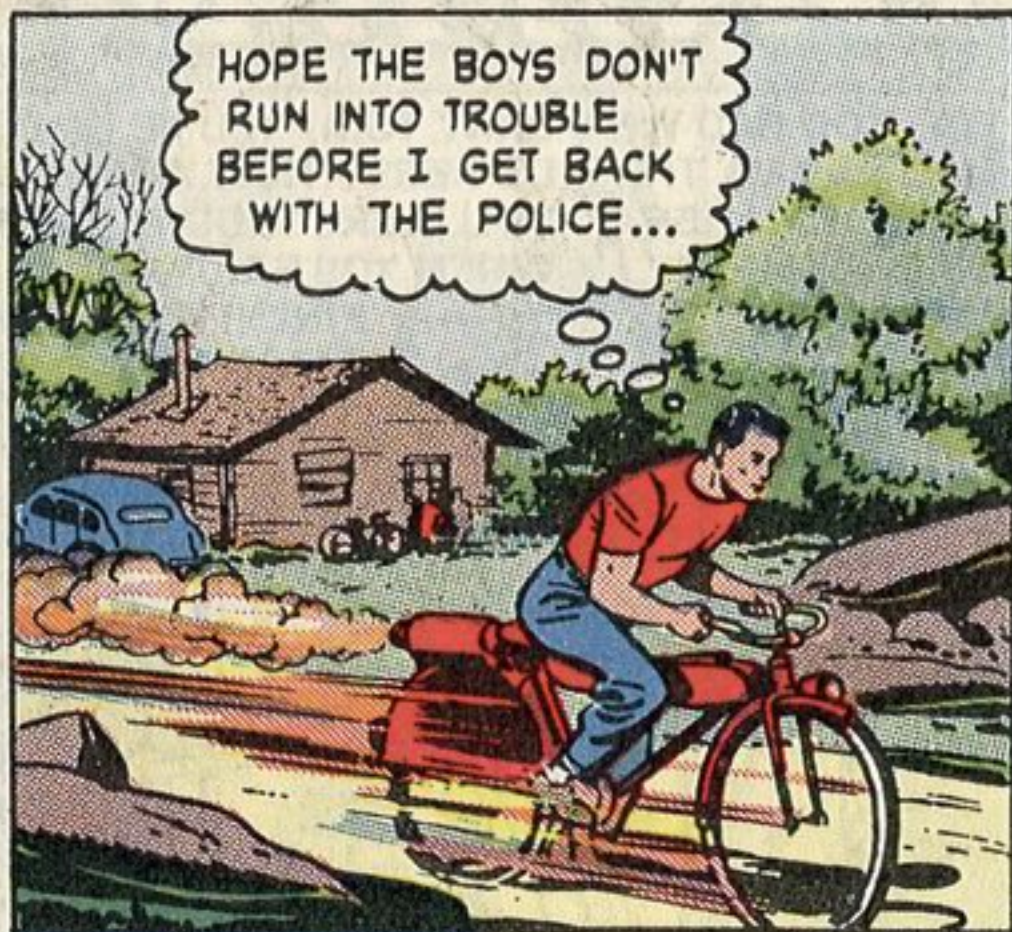
WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



RUINING THE
RANSOM PLAN



FOLLOWING AN URGENT POLICE FLASH, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS TRACK DANGEROUS KIDNAPPERS TO A LONELY HIDE-OUT. AS THE BOYS STAND GUARD, U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF FOR HELP...



HOPE THE BOYS DON'T
RUN INTO TROUBLE
BEFORE I GET BACK
WITH THE POLICE...



WHILE AT THE KIDNAPPERS' SHACK...

HURRY UP WITH
THAT RANSOM NOTE,
MUGSY, SO WE CAN
SCRAM OUTA HERE...

JEEPERS-- WE'VE
GOTTA **KEEP**
THEM HERE 'TIL
ROYAL GETS BACK!
C'MON-- I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!



HOW TH'-- WHAT A
TIME FOR **FLAT TIRES!**
GET THE HAND-PUMP--
WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

BUT U.S. ROYAL WORKS **FASTER** AND RETURNS WITH THE POLICE IN THE NICK OF TIME!

LETTING THE
AIR OUT OF
THEIR TIRES
SURE WAS A
GREAT IDEA,
FELLAS!

IT OUGHTA BE!
--WE GOT IT
OUT OF **BIKE**
COMICS IN
"PICNIC PAY-OFF"
WHEN JIMMY
FULLER--

WHOA! DON'T
SPOIL THE
STORY... LET
OUR READERS
GET **THEIR**
FREE COPIES
FIRST!

WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON **U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES**, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR **SPEED PLUS SAFETY**... AND, SAY--WHEN YOU SEE A HAPPY HUDDLE LIKE THAT ONE, YOU CAN BE JUST AS SURE THERE'S A COPY OF **BIKE COMICS** AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!



THE FUN-LOVING FULLERS WHEEL INTO ACTION
IN **PICNIC PAY-OFF**... ALSO,
BUTTERFLY, BIKE NEWS, KNUCKLEHEAD BLOOPER, MAINTENANCE, & MORE

GET YOUR COPY OF
"**BIKE COMICS**" AT YOUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE
DEALER'S TODAY.
IT'S **FREE!**



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE... CAPTURING
BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-
HEAD--HE NEVER DOES
ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE...
WOTTA SELLING JOB HE
DOES ON POP!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR
BIKE DEALER'S WINDOW



U.S.
BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science